THOUGHTS IN VERSE,

FOR

KIND HEARTS

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Dear Reader:

By overtasking my eyes and wearing glasses too strong for them, I became totally blind while yet in the prime of life, and since that time I have spent many hours that would be very dreary only for holding communion with my own thoughts and putting them into verse, some of which I herewith give for your perusal, hoping you will not criticise too severely, for I make no lofty pretensions, but if you come across a line or verse that may help to awaken thought or touch one tender cord in your nature, I will be more than paid for the trouble and cost of publishing this book. Yours truly,

ADAM SCHOLES,
Detroit,
Mich.

INTRODUCTORY.

Two grains of sand the whole earth round,
Alike precisely, ne'er were found;
If in my verse some lines you find
That coincide not with your mind,
Remember we are not to blame,
For no two minds are just the same.

Some lines will be on friends who've gone
To join that vast, that unseen throng;
Some speak the anguish of the heart
Which broken vows have caused to smart;
Some, on religious matters treat,
As seen by me—of them I speak.

To tyrants who the poor oppress
We also dedicate a verse;
We proudly hold Columbia forth,
The freest land on God's green earth.
For poor dumb beasts we say a word,
We would for them have pity stirred.

So varied are men's thoughts and ways,
'Twere vain to try each one to please;
If on some points we disagree,
Let us be proud that we are free
To speak or write our honest thought,
As each untrammeled thinker ought.

Unequipollent are men's thoughts,
Unequiponderant their faults;
No ambidexter, howe'er skilled,
As dexterously both hands can wield;
Two bullets cast in the same mould
Somehow will differ, we are told.

Let us be honest, just and true,
In all we think and say and do;
Since no two atoms are the same,
If our minds differ, who's to blame?
Nature has made it so, my friend,
And Nature's laws we cannot mend.

(From the Magazine of Poetry, July, 1890.)

ADAM SCHOLES.

Adam Scholes, of Detroit, Michigan, is a striking example of the gracious workings of a divine creative power, that substitutes in return for some faculty removed, added delicacy or increased fineness of the soul's outreachings from the material man. Mr. Scholes, a gentleman of stalwart build and in superb health, when nearing the prime of life became bereft of vision; lost not suddenly, but by slow degrees, that added by irresistible encroachments to the mental agony of contemplating the darkened life awaiting him. While holding a responsible position in a leading manufacturing establishment of that city, his eyesight, strained at times by his work, began to weaken, and he became totally blind, over thirteen years ago. And yet his sightless orbs, dark blue in color, give less outward evidence of his affliction than the occasional hesitating step that marks his advent in some unfamiliar spot. In his comfortable home and the adjacent park and diverging avenues, he walks with the assurance of familiarity, but elsewhere this fails him, and the sympathetic friend or stranger meeting him will feel sincere regret for the noble appearing man's irretrievable misfortune.

With this untoward affliction, there came to Mr. Scholes a new gift; an intuitive perception of the inner life and its future possibilities. Thoughts in rhythmical measure were evolved in harmony with the new life of the mind that had suddenly developed. In composing, Mr. Scholes mentally indites, revises and memorizes his productions before calling in an amanuensis, and when read to him from print can note even the displacement of a punctuation mark as promptly as a competent proof-reader.

By birth, Mr. Scholes is Irish, a native of County Westmeath, first seeing the light about fifty years ago in the little village of Moate, some forty miles from Dublin. From that city he reached Detroit twenty-seven years ago. Reared in the strictest orthodox faith, he has, for many years, accepted the more liberal teachings of the times.

W. E. J.

ADAM SCHOLES.

Thoughts in Verse,

FOR

Kind Hearts.

BY

ADAM SCHOLES.

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GOD.

O, Thou great, transforming Power
In every atom, leaf and flower;
In countless orbs, which float on high
In myriads through the boundless sky;
Thou art in all, and all in Thee!
Thy presence fills Immensity!

Thou source of life, of light and heat,
In whom all creatures live and breathe;
Thou whom no mind can comprehend,
Without beginning, without end;
Thou potent Force, in nature shown;
Where'er we gaze we see Thy throne.

We hear Thee in the insect's hum,
And in the bird's sweet, warbling song;
We hear Thee in old ocean's moan,
And in the rolling thunder's tone.
All things around proclaim aloud
An omnipresent, living God.

What though we cannot see Thy face,
Thy presence we may clearly trace.
To Thee, O, Universal King,
Our homage we would daily bring
And lay it on devotion's shrine,
Rejoicing that all souls are Thine.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

If your brother believe what you deem an untruth,
Be not so unkind as to call him a dupe;
To your honest convictions be loyal and true,
And in all that you say have charity, too.
Though creeds may all differ, religion's the same
All over the world, under whatever name.

A friendly exchange of opinion is well
If our highest conception of truth we would tell;
The best views we can hold, be it understood,
Are what make us most happy, most noble and good;
As the Nazarene said in earlier years,
A tree is best known by the fruit which it bears.

In every country, nation and clime
The religion of love is good for all time;
A man may be red, white, tawny or black,
And learning and culture the poor soul may lack;
You may call him a pagan, a slave or a serf,
Yet he is God's child as well as thyself.

If he succor the needy in their distress,
And the widow and orphan he seeketh to bless,
In his journey through life if he does all he can
In relieving the wants of his poor fellow man,

Though he bow to an image of wood or of stone,
His heart is no doubt as sincere as thine own.

And whate'er be his creed, his religion's no sham;
Our Father in Heaven will honor that man,
And when he is called from his labors to rest,
A home he will find in the land of the blest,
Where all will be judged by their true moral worth,
And not by the creeds of the churches on earth.

Then let men believe as they honestly please,
It is not our province to torture or tease;
We can't all think alike, is a fact that's well known,
Yet all men can bow before the same throne;
The same loving Father we all may adore,
To whom be the glory and praise evermore.

HOPE BEYOND.

Must all that's tender in our breast
  Become extinct, or pass away,
In order to enjoy the rest—
  The perfect rest—of endless day?
What melody can harps afford
When broken hangs their tenderest chord?
And where no notes of sweet compassion rise
From sympathizing hearts, cannot be Paradise.

Can saints be heartless evermore,
  While other souls are all unblessed;
Still wanderers on some dreary shore,
  Away from happiness and rest?
Methinks they'd leave their home above
To clasp them in their arms of love,
And tell them still to pray, to hope and wait,
Assuring them repentance never comes too late.

In guiding weary wanderers home,
  Their willing feet do swiftly move;
For erring souls can never roam
  Beyond the reach of boundless love!
A Father's care is o'er them still,
And angels but obey His will,

And oh, the Father's love will not prove vain,
'Twill bring each wanderer home, e'en thought it be
through pain.

No soul can ever fall so low
That mercy cannot hear its prayer;
No depth of misery and woe
That pity's footprints are not there;
Though ages may on ages roll,
Across the dark and guilty soul,
Yet when contrition kindles in the breast,
The anguish of the soul will be a prophecy of rest.

AN ARABIAN FABLE.

(Transprosed.)

A palm tree on the desert grew,
Bending o'er a crystal spring,
And its sheltering arms it threw
Around the precious thing.

One day some Arabs 'neath its shade
Were sheltered from the heat;
Oh! what a lovely tree, one said,
If it only grew up straight.

And then the tree grew proud and vain,
On hearing what was said,

And on each fibre brought a strain
To raise its haughty head.

When next the travelers came that way
The place was parched and bare,
The tree was standing straight—but dead—
It had no moisture there.

Unsheltered from the scorching blast,
The spring soon ceased to flow;
With roots all parched life could not last,
The tree had ceased to grow.

Ah! wretched tree, poor withered thing,
A sad mistake you made;
Your shade it was which nursed the spring,
The spring that caused your shade.

The moral's plain, the Arab says;
If we would thrive and grow,
We must be tender in our ways,
And share each others' woe.

Whene'er we bless another's life,
Then we the most are blessed;
By soothing sorrow, pain or strife,
We gain the sweetest rest.

Oh, may we take the lesson home
This fable would impart,

And give the weary, frail and lone
The shelter of our heart.

If we but breathe a kindly word
To one whose heart is riven,
'Twill touch in each a tender chord
And draw us nearer heaven.

WISDOM.

Of learning, culture or wisdom,
If I only had one choice,
The last of these I would accept,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
Much learning cannot take the place
Of wisdom in the soul,
And man may be a learned fool
If void of self-control.

Culture and learning do, indeed,
Adorn the human mind,
And yet they can be made a curse
To self and to mankind.
That man is blest beyond compare
Who has the three combined;
Wisdom as chief, controlling all
The workings of his mind.

Oh, give me wisdom from on high,
  Dispenser of all good,
With dignity of character
  And passions all subdued.
Others may worship place and gold,
  I'll bow at Wisdom's shrine,
And feel that I am truly blessed
  If but one spark be mine.

WEALTHY OR POOR.

It matters not whether we're wealthy or poor,
We all have our sorrow and pain to endure;
If the weight of our burden we would feel less,
Other lives let us seek to succor and bless.

You may have your hundreds of thousands in bank,
With high social standing, position and rank;
But if your heart's narrow, contracted and cold,
You are poor in your wealth, you're a pauper with
  gold.

Do you want to be happy? Then here is the plan!
Do what good you can for your poor fellow man,
And turn not away with a shake of the head
When the poor and the needy are asking for bread

If you meet an old friend with whom fortune has
changed,
Even if he is the one to be blamed,
Don't carry your head too lofty or high,
Or turn the cold shoulder when passing him by.

And pity the outcast, at home and abroad,
Remember that all are the children of God;
If we ever attain to the Kingdom of Heaven,
There's much in ourselves that must needs be forgiven

Oh, be tender to all! Be loving and kind!
You'll find it will pay, when this world's left behind:
For if you e'er enter at Heaven's bright door,
No angel will ask, "Were you wealthy or poor?"

The richest of treasures, then, let us amass,
Where the gold and the silver of earth will not pass,
Or purchase a place any nearer the throne,
The specie of Heaven is goodness alone.

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

How oft in every thoughtful breast
  This question will arise:
Is there for me a future life,
  A life that never dies?
Or is it merely fancy's dream
  That none can ever find,
A vapor rising from the brain,
  A longing of the mind?

From whence this life we now possess,
  Of pleasure or of pain?
As grand a mystery is this,
  As that we live again!
A force we cannot comprehend
  Inspires this living clod
With faith in an eternal life,
  And in a Father God.

Can we those witnesses believe
  Who saw the Son of Man—
(Except their senses were deceived—
  Let us their statements scan)—
Saw not the Nazarene alone,
  But others by his side,

Who many, many years before
Passed over Death's cold tide?

It may be true, for some there are
Who see their friends to-day,
The dearly loved of by-gone years
Who've passed from earth away;
They come as messengers of love.
Exulting we may sing:
"Oh, grave, where is thy victory!
Oh, death, where is thy sting!"

IN MEMORY OF A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

He's gone to rest, his work is done,
His sun went down while yet 'twas noon;
His manly form, his generous heart
Lie cold in death; ah, must we part?

The widow and the orphan's friend,
He ever gave with generous hand,
Regardless both of church or creed;
Enough for him to know their need.

His was a broad, expansive soul;
His God the universal whole.
Though written forms his eyes might scan,
His creed was, love thy fellow man.

A creed that by its fruit is seen,
As taught the holy Nazarene;
Oh, with this truth may we keep pace,
He serves God best who serves the race.

SAVONAROLA.

Behold him captive in a cell,
Treated cruelly, unkind,
Because he honestly would tell
What seemed true unto his mind.

Courageously he taught as truth
What aroused most deadly ire,
His foes in wrath proclaim forsooth,
He must taste the pangs of fire.

No word deemed true will he recant,
Kindling fire awakes no fear,
Whilst bigots on their work are bent—
Tauntingly they scoff and jeer.

See the flames around him curling,
Hear the fagots' crackling sound,
His body, not his soul, they're burning—
Now he's with the martyrs crowned.

Oh, God of Mercy, in Thy name,
Men this cruel work have done!
O'er zealous Christians lit the flame,
Stilling the reformer's tongue.

Heaven be praised, those times are gone,
Prejudices fade from sight,
And time will yet right every wrong,
For there dawns a clearer light.

Savonarola! Sound his praise!
Italy extols him high,
And both by word and deed, she says,
That his name shall never die.

Brave, fearless soul, beloved to-day,
Persecuted in the past,
This, this has ever been the way,
And the right prevails at last.

May the past be all forgiven,
May all strife and discord cease;
Let us make this world a Heaven,
Let us serve the Prince of Peace.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

The avalanche on mountain slope
Of soft and fleecy snow,
That rushes with resistless force
And buries all below,
Reminds us of the weight of years,
Made up of moments fled,
That lays the haughty spirit low
And bows the proudest head.

Small atoms, that can scarce be seen
E'en 'neath the strongest glass,
When in the aggregate combined,
Will form a ponderous mass.
So little words, and little deeds,
Compose the sum of life,
That make for us a world of joy,
Or else a world of strife.

The follies of a mis-spent life
May form a pile so vast
That it will weight the spirit down
And crush the soul at last
With agony, remorse and shame.
How long, there's none can know,

But some believe that evil brings
  Eternal pain and woe.

If we but to ourselves be true,
  We will to all mankind,
And when we bid adieu to earth
  A home in heaven we'll find.
The love of God and love of man
  Abiding in the breast,
Gives full assurance to the soul
  Of an eternal rest.

A SENSE OF GUILT.

From a Universalist Standpoint.

Does he who feels his every act
  Committed here on earth below
Will in eternity, at last,
  Enhance his joy or cause him woe?
Who holds for sin, pain must be felt
Thinks so to calm a sense of guilt?

Or is it the mistaken soul,
  Who on another casts his load,
And thinks an ancient martyr's blood
  Atones for him before his God?

A faith like this, sincerely felt,
Is apt to calm a sense of guilt.

Away with every foolish creed,
And worship only truth and right;
To ancient dogmas pay no heed,
But keep a conscience free from guilt.
To every soul let it be known
That all will reap as they have sown.

O, fount of life, dear Father, God!
We know that we belong to Thee,
Although we feel Thy chastening rod
In time or in eternity.
Whene'er we turn to seek Thy face,
We'll meet a parent's fond embrace.

The powers of an endless life
Are far beyond our loftiest ken;
When we are free from earthly strife,
And God Himself shall be our theme—
When sorrow for all wrong is felt,
We may outgrow the pain of guilt.

FORBEARANCE.

Be loth to sever friendship's ties—
Great, indeed, should be the cause.
Though the poisoned tongue of envy
May have pictured many flaws
In some friend considered worthy,
Still forbear thy friend to slight;
What seem mountains raised between thee,
Truth may banish with its light.

How oft, when lives are drawn apart,
Icy coldness comes between;
And where sweet flowers of friendship blend
Naught but barrenness is seen.
We should be slow to take offense,
But deeds of kindness render;
The kindest ways are always best—
Be tender, O, be tender!

Perfection we may never find,
In this life, in any breast;
Yet some are noble, good and kind,
And with generous natures blest.
But few possess sufficient grace
To obey the great command,

"Go, love thy neighbor as thyself,"
Give to him a willing hand.

In judging, be not too severe;
Mark the way the Master trod;
The sinner and the saint alike
Are accountable to God.
Then show forbearance, and forgive,
If thou would'st be forgiven;
For only such can walk with Christ,
Or reach the highest heaven.

After a few more fleeting years,
Pains and pleasures here will end;
The body shall return to earth,
And with kindred dust shall blend.
Oh, soul of patience and forbearance,
Blest with pure, sweet Charity,
With love to God and love to man,
Thou need'st not fear Eternity.

HUMAN LIFE.

'Tis but a fleeting, transient thing,
Made up of joy, of grief and pain,
  Mingled with hope and fear;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
All, all are hastening to the grave—
  The grave so lone and drear.

The young, the old, the meek, the proud,
Shall molder in the earth's cold shroud,
  Go back to earth again;
Perchance no clod we trample o'er
But once a living body wore,
  Susceptible of pain.

Brave hearts that raged in battle strife—
That thirsted for each other's life—
  Blend in dust together;
The lover and the loved caress,
In one long, lingering, cold embrace,
  All passion gone forever.

In the realms of light supernal,
Where they say life is eternal,
  And naught can love estrange;
If we shall know each other there,
In that celestial, heavenly sphere,
  Oh, what a glorious change.

MAN'S FALL, ETC.

Man's fall's a mere fable, no snake-crawling devil
E'er tempted a first pair to sin;
That a serpent once spoke, and God did provoke,
Seems a very ridiculous thing.

Even if it were true, take a sensible view,
And then you are forced to believe
A plot had been laid, which God might have stayed,
To ruin poor Adam and Eve.

You may talk of free will, and keep quibbling, still
'Twas God placed the fruit in their lap,
And then said, Don't you eat, though Himself set the bait,
And knew they'd be caught in the trap.

Indeed, 'tis well known, many minds have outgrown
Some things taught as truth in the past;
Yet our teachers to-day will nearly all say
The people are thinking too fast.

Ah! this we do know, wherever they go
They resolve to ignore common sense;
Man's reason they say, will lead him astray,
Blind faith, is their only guide hence.

Lovers of mystery, they say one is three;
Incredible stories they tell,
Which if you dare doubt their mandate goes forth
Your soul will be cast into hell.

To a terrible Hell, they send all to dwell
Who dare think for themselves and be true,
And will not knuckle down at their ominous frown,
But, what they deem right, say and do.

And Oh! what a trick they picture old Nick
Though reason and logic both fail;
With wings like a bat, with one cloven foot,
And a spear on the end of his tail;

With horns on his head, inspiring dread,
A three-pronged pitchfork in hand,
In a dog-trotting pace, while his villainous face
For all that is evil would stand.

What children are men who allow such a thing
One moment to trouble their mind;
Some think they do right the timid to fright—
They are adepts in work of that kind.

This boo-man, no doubt, they can't do without,
With their dogmas and creeds as they be;
When this myth they let go, with their endless woe,
To teach common sense they'll be free.

O, learn to be wise, and open your eyes—
Keep your intellect vigorous and clear;
The power that made us gave reason to guide us—
Seek truth, it has nothing to fear.

But we must not presume, on our way to the tomb,
Nature's laws are rigidly just;
If we will disobey, the debt we must pay,
For Nature knows nothing of trust.

Tho' Christ is a Savior to all who endeavor
To profit by what He has taught,
Tho' He standeth between the sinner and sin,
And points to the heavenward path,

Yet, substitution is vain, we must bear our own pain,
By the law of an infinite love,
Drawing us nearer, till we can see clearer,
And dwell in the fullness of God.

What's been taught us as truth, from our earliest youth,
May seem hard to have torn away;
And yet it is clear there's nothing to fear—
All that is true, forever will stay.

Let us then with our might seek truth and do right,
And give reason and science fair play;
Inasmuch as we do, to ourselves we'll be true,
And learn God's laws to obey.

HAS RELIGIOUS THOUGHT PROGRESSED?

By degrees man at last has entered his 'teens,
As a race we have childhood outgrown,
Discarding old fables and mythical dreams,
We begin to have minds of our own.

All truth is immortal and never can die,
Have no fears, it will ne'er see decay;
The truth is of God, and it comes from on high,
Naught but error shall vanish away.

The clergy will say they are teaching the same
As they have in the ages gone by;
If so, they now preach it exceedingly tame,
'Twould be rude to say that they lie.

But some of the creeds of the churches to-day
Are as dead as the mummies of old;
The dross from their dogmas is melting away,
All that's true will remain pure as gold.

The old orthodox hell of literal fire
As a truth it now never is taught,
Except by some o'er-zealous fool in his ire,
Who makes God, like himself, full of wrath.

That doctrine, too, of three Gods being one,
To some minds it seems very absurd;
Tho' clergymen preach on it learned and long,
Yet with reason it will not accord.

Who now ever hears them from pulpit proclaim
That sweet infants are damned evermore
On account of the sin of one Adam by name?
They unblushingly taught this of yore.

All priests once believed the world flat as a pan,
And they never once dreamed it moved round;
They said to Galileo, Recant, wretched man,
Or else you will surely be burned.

In six literal days, it used to be said,
The heavens and earth were created;
Now opinion assumes a different shade,
Since science has otherwise stated.

Each orthodox priest says his creed's still the same,
But this fact to each thinker is known:
Although they have hobbled along rather lame,
Yet some things they once taught they've outgrown.

Abide by the truth, though it clashes with creeds,
Help the Chariot of Progress along;
A broader religion humanity needs,
A religion of right against wrong.

Dear sirs, there is much for you yet to outgrow,
Set about it with hearty good will;
For, whether you clergymen like it or no,
The world will keep moving on still.

CALVINISM OUTGROWN.

Rejoice! we're living in a time
When Christians are ashamed
To think that they have ever taught
Unconscious babes were damned!
John Calvin, Edwards, Dr. Watts
(All readers know quite well),
With many others plainly taught
That some were sent to hell.

Including young as well as old,
All Calvinists have taught
The non-elect could not be saved,
Ordained to endless wrath;
That none were saved for being good,
Or lost for being bad;
Predestination sealed their fate,
And God was glorified.

No wonder Burns, the Scottish bard,
Laid this foul doctrine bare
With satire of the keenest kind

In "Holy Willie's Prayer."
Crude thoughts of God, o'er all the earth,
In every land we find,
But none more cruel were conceived
Than in John Calvin's mind.

The larger and the nobler faith
Knows not an endless hell,
Where He consigns immortal souls
In agony to dwell.
His chastenings are in mercy sent
His children dear to bless—
Though sometimes seeming hard to bear,
He loves us none the less.

His boundless love is over all;
E'en when we go astray,
His voice in pity calls us back;
And if we disobey,
With shame and suffering we are brought
Submissive to His will—
In this, or in the land of souls,
His love is o'er us still.

The lines of Burns, alluded to,
We'll quote them, they are terse;
They state the Calvinist belief
In good old Scottish verse:

"Oh, Thou wha in the heavens does dwell,
Wha as it pleases best Thysel',
Sends yen to Heaven and ten to hell a' for Thy
glory,
And no for any guid or ill they've done afore Thee."

Such men as Calvin, in the past,
In sacred courts have trod,
And in their cold and stern souls
Conceived a cruel God!
But Heaven now has gained the day,
And men will criticise;
Yet not one truth shall pass away,
Though every falsehood dies.

TO CRAMP THE MIND.

First teach a simple, trusting youth
All certain books contain is truth;
That God from nothing made the world—
From nothing, mark you, is the word;
On this word don't let him reason—
To your cause it would be treason;
For, if you do, he may insist
That matter always did exist.
Next tell him how God formed man
From the ground he made from nothing;

Then took a rib from Adam's side,
And made for him a loving bride.
Tell him the mischief she has wrought
By plucking the forbidden fruit;
And how that God meant all things well,
But this one act dooms all to hell,
While with joy the devil's grinning,
For he's got the pair to sinning.
Then tell him of the dreadful flood,
God drowning all He first called good,
Except a few of every kind,
That shelter in the ark might find.
For, O, the mandate from on high
Was, "Every living thing shall die."
Did Noah, then, have in the ark
All sorts of fish—did they embark?
Or were the woodland's sweetest singers
All considered wretched sinners?
While things indigenous to water
All escaped the general slaughter.
Had things that dived and swam around
More mercy from their Maker found?
To complete the general slaughter,
It should have been all boiling water,
Till everything in ocean's bed
Was cooked alive or boiled till dead,
For, O, the mandate from on high

Was, "Every living thing shall die."
Meanwhile "Old Nick" was overjoyed
To see he had God's plans destroyed,
And laughing, even in God's face,
To see Him have to drown the race.
Now, tell him of the wondrous plan
God devised for saving man;
How that He left His throne on high
And came on earth for man to die,
In hopes to win His children back,
Yet Satan holds the inside track.
A crafty, subtle foe is he,
One who has foiled the Deity.
The youth may start and think this strange,
But do not let him use his brains;
For should he carefully reflect,
Your teachings he would soon reject.
Teach him Hebrew, Greek and Latin,
With a thorough education,
E'en though it be at great expense,
But do not teach him common sense.
Impress upon his mind each day
That reason leads the soul astray;
So, with reason stunted or quite dead,
Whilst learned nonsense fills his head,
He sees but woe for most the race,
That love divine to wrath gives place.

The poor, dear boy is not to blame,
Thousands are taught and preach the same.
Methinks I hear you ask a question
(It contains a useful lesson):
Give the names of Satan's parents?
Superstition and ignorance.
You ask, Can we his birthplace find?
Yes, in the undeveloped mind.
He's but an ancient Hebrew myth;
He never did in fact exist.
Though the Church as truth receives it,
Unthinking minds alone believe it.
To you with reasoning minds we'd say,
Hear reason's voice, and it obey.
Keep honor, justice, truth in sight;
O, love the good and do the right;
Whilst prejudice and bigotry,
With ancient myth and mystery,
Are passing from the world away
Before the light of reason's day.
Uphold the Fatherhood of God,
And man's universal Brotherhood.
Again we say, keep honor, justice, truth in sight,
Abhor the wrong and do the right.
And if a God doth reign on high,
You need not fear to live or die.

TO REFORMERS.

If you labor in love, it shall not be in vain,
Love will nourish the truths you are sowing, as rain
Doth the seed the husbandman plants in the sod,
As sure as there liveth a truth-loving God.

The thumbscrew, the rack and the gibbet, all gory,
Were the fate of reformers we read of in story,
While many expired 'midst faggot and flame,
Kindled by bigots, yet Christians in name.

Then a man that dared question a dogma or creed,
Or spoke as he thought, was a brave man indeed!
Thank God! there were some who priestcraft defied,
Whose writings remain, and will ever abide.

Those champions of freedom, those lovers of truth,
An arrogant Church still teaches her youth
To regard with distrust, dishonor and hate,
Because falsehood they spurned in church and in state.

No man e'er taught truth in advance of the race
But had on him heaped scorn, contumely, disgrace
By the orthodox mob of the day and the hour,
But truth moves along with resistless power.

Up through the fogs and the mists of the past
The race has moved slowly but surely; at last
We're now in the dawn of the incoming day,
When Reason shall triumph, Truth leading the way.

Perchance on this earth there will ne'er come a time,
As men reach to heights of progress sublime,
But there shall be some in advance of the rest,
In knowledge and wisdom and foresight more blest.

Then up, up and onward, your watchword still be,
Till earth's down-trodden millions from thraldom are free;
Get the nations a-longing for that happy hour,
When right shall make might, Truth having full power.

A halo of glory encircles the brow
Of each hero and heroine struggling now
To rescue mankind from the tyrant's rod,
And have us go forth in the freedom of God.

Free from the despot's tyrannical will,
Free from vile passions that ruin and kill,
Free to honor all men for their own moral worth,
And not for their gold, their lineage or birth.

Free from soul-damning creeds, our natures to chill,
With thoughts of a God sending millions to hell;
Free to battle with wrong and lovingly fight
For truth and humanity, justice and right.

Good angels are with you, on every hand,
Spreading the tidings o'er sea and o'er land,
That man is immortal, never shall die,
And all will reach home in the sweet by-and-by.

Opponents of progress, just here let me say,
The time has gone by to have all your own way.
Now, listen to reason and learn to be wise;
Come out from the darkness and open your eyes.

THE BIBLE REVISED.

This book, by many deemed divine,
And which we prize and love so well,
Can it be changed from time to time,
And yet be thought infallible?

If it has been God's holy word
Through all those ages that are gone,
Why should it now be understood
God's word could be improved upon?

The facts are these: Men will outgrow
In time the errors of the past,
Though books and creeds they overthrow,
Accomplishing their destined task.

This work which scholars undertook
  May prove a blessing to the world;
We hope they have improved the book
  By setting forth a loving God!

Away! thou fabled God of War,
  Of Anger, Vengeance and of Wrath!
The God of Love will we adore,
  Who sheds His mercy o'er our path.

There's naught infallible but God,
  With Him alone this term combine;
Forever be His name adored,
  All nature is His book divine.

THE MASTER'S WORK.

In Heaven there's joy 'midst the pure, robed in white,
The angels rejoice as they see you to-night,
Consecrating your life to all truth for truth's sake,
And in the rejoicing we freely partake.

Give praise to the Master and honor His name,
The wayward and sinful He sought to reclaim;
If your life as a teacher would be a success,
Other lives you will seek to succor and bless.

Sublime is the life from all selfishness freed,
With a heart that responds to each true, noble deed;
Pained when the weak are oppressed by the strong,
In love with all truth and avoiding all wrong.

A life that can help others sorrow to bear,
And a heart that is willing to do and to dare,
Loving and gentle, yet strong in God's might;
Go forth; be a hero, and fight for the right.

Help the work of the Master by word and by deed;
On highways, in byways go sow the good seed;
And sure as our dear ones from Heaven looked down,
Your robe will be whiter and brighter your crown.

Let Jesus of old your exemplar be,
And you'll be a savior in no small degree;
All who walk in the way the Master hath trod
Are saviors of men, the anointed of God.

Yes, in Heaven there's joy 'midst the pure, robed in white;
Our dear ones rejoice as they see you to-night
Consecrating your life to all truth, for truth's sake,
And in the rejoicing we gladly partake.

THE ONE-HUNDRED-NINTH PSALM AND KING DAVID.

Of things that are vile, oh, this ranks with the worst,
This prayer that poor, innocent babes might be cursed,
As vagabonds wander through life to the grave,
With none to have pity, and no one to save.

We ne'er can believe God inspired a man
To breathe forth such words as we find in this Psalm;
This prayer, full of malice, of meanness and spite,
It came from a heart that was blacker than night.

King David sinned once in his life, so they say,
In numbering Israel, that was the way;
But there is another foul blot on his life—
He had Uriah slain, so he'd get the man's wife.

That book of conundrums strange things doth unfold.
He once danced through the streets stark naked, we're
told.
When rebuked by his queen, who gazed with surprise,
Said he, I'll be vile e'en in my own eyes.

Though he had his concubines, harlots and wives
In scores and in hundreds, blasting their lives,
Yet that is not mentioned of him as a crime—
He still is held up as a model sublime.

Was this David a man, then, after God's heart?
The mind that can think so must surely be dark.
If alive in this age, you'd call him a fraud,
And will you attribute this name unto God?

Dare you act as he did, with willing accord
All true men would say, Give the wretch his reward;
Imprison or hang him in double-quick time.
You'd reap the reward of a villain in crime.

And what shall we say of good people to-day,
That think him so pure, he but once went astray?
Who stoutly defend him, and still take his part;
They know they are better themselves in their heart.

SACRED BOOKS.

The Mahomedan, the Persian, the Hindoo,
The Mormon, the Israelite and Christian, too,
Each has his Sacred Book or Holy Word,
In which he thinks God's will to man is stored.
Each thinks his own the only book divine,
That all the rest will pass away in time.
But, no! the truth of each will stand the test
And still survive, the fittest and the best.
There is one book in which no error ever steals,
All nature to our minds this book reveals;
The truths of God set forth in every page,
Their authorship proclaim from age to age.
Earth's old-time rocks and wondrous granite hills,
Its oceans vast, its forests, brooks and rippling rills;
Its fertile plains o'erspread with verdant sod;
The snow-capped Alpine peaks, where man hath never trod;
The everlasting hills, the deep, unfathomed sea,
All speak of the Omnipotent, of Deity,
And in the bosom of the earth, where untold treasures lie,
The written word of God is found, as in the boundless sky,

Where worlds unnumbered with our own proclaim
with one accord
We are the Sacred Book; behold His written word,
In solemn grandeur all show forth the majesty of God.

IN LOOKING O'ER THE PAGE.

In looking o'er the page one day
I then considered truth,
I came upon two passages*
Which struck me almost mute;
For, if one is true, the other's false,
Else both are false together.
Here are the texts, see for thyself,
But don't get angry, brother:

'Tis said the Lord King David moved
The Israelites to number;
Then, when the work was all complete,
Did He get mad, I wonder?
And in His wrath had thousands slain
For what Himself decreed.
From such a thought of God as this,
O, let mankind be freed.

*The Lord moved David to number Israel.—II Sam., xxiv, 1. Satan tempted David to number Israel.—I Chron., i, 1.

OLD ORTHODOXY.

Let self-styled orthodoxy whine;
At each new truth we hear it scold;
The poor old thing's in a decline,
Its pulse is weak, its limbs are cold.

Yet when it speaks it scruples not
The most ungracious things to say
Of men who've sowed the seeds of thought
That's bearing fruit for us to-day.

It teaches still the meanest things
That e'er were taught to girl or boy;
Such as God's damning human souls,
Filling the redeemed with joy.

As infidel it likes to brand
Every one who dares to think,
Who will not bow to its command,
It paints them black as blackest ink.

Mystery, mystery, it cries,
And words like these we hear it say,
"Believe in mystery; be wise,
For reason leads the soul astray."

The noblest souls it has defamed,
It hates the truth and loves a lie;
A sense of decency and shame
Should cause the stupid thing to die.

Soon on its grave will rest a stone,
And this inscription it shall bear:
"Old Orthodoxy, dead and gone,
But Truth still lives, though it lies here.

Yes, truth, which sets the millions free,
Is coming in a mighty shower;
This is a time of jubilee,
Old superstition's lost its power.

Reason asserts its sway at last,
All books and creeds man will outgrow;
With dogmas, nightmares of the past,
Which fill poor human hearts with woe.

"WELL MAY OUR HEARTS REJOICE."

Well may our hearts rejoice, dear friend,
In this progressive day,
As reason dawns upon the mind
Old dogmas flee away.
The dismal teachings of the past
Have lost their solemn spell,
A larger and a nobler faith
Our souls with rapture swell.

We mourn no more our dead as lost,
But merely gone before;
Their loving eyes are on us still,
As in the days of yore.
Though others scoff, we know 'tis true,
We feel their presence near;
Not all the man-made creeds of earth
To us can be so dear.

Those minds who will investigate
Shall lose all slavish fear,
For death is but the open door
To reach a higher sphere;
And those we love who've passed away
With joy will take our hand,
Where erring feet no more may stray,
In God's bright summer land.

CHRISTIANITY.

Though man-made forms and creeds may die—
Shall Christianity? No, never!
Its author is the Lord most High,
And it shall grow and live on—ever.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

'Twas doubtless with a love sublime
A chief 'mong poets penned the line,
Implying error he'd condone
Lest truth might fail to stand alone.
Though full of beauty are his lays,
We differ widely when he says:

"A bending reed I would not break;
A feeble faith I would not shake;
Or rashly tear away
An error, that some truth may stay;
Deprived of which the soul's without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."

To this two meanings may be had,
In either case the teaching's bad;
To charity I feel inclined,
And yet it seems unto my mind
Error is error, nothing less,
And it's by doubting we progress.

I cannot see the reason why
We should revere a pious lie;
Truth needs no error as a stay—
I'd take the useless thing away.
The error we can do without
Far better than the honest doubt.

An error I would take away,
That in its place some truth might stay;
The truth expands and makes us free,
Whilst error calls it heresy;
In each reformer's soul so stout
There first is felt the shafts of doubt.

Let narrow creeds and forms begone!
They've cramped the intellect too long;
The cruel doctrines of the past
With gloom the future hath o'ercast—
Though every error be removed,
The truth shall stand, and all that's good.

The dust of ages on a creed
Makes it no clearer; and, indeed,
Sages have taught in darker days
As best they knew. We give them praise;
But shall we in this age of light
Prefer to live in ancient night?

We're in the dawn of that bright day
When bigotry shall pass away;
The solemn mummeries of the past
Are doomed to be extinct at last;
Touched by the light of Reason's fire
They turn to ashes, and expire.

But Truth's immortal, and will stand
Without the aid of Error's hand;
It comes in God's appointed way,
And when it comes, it comes to stay—
To bless the world, to do it good—
A boon to Earth's vast brotherhood.

A bruised reed I would not break,
I'd bind the wound for Pity's sake;
And all Love's energy I'd strain
To fan the smoking flax aflame,
And kindle in the struggling breast,
A love of truth and all that's best.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

Let every form of faith be rent,
  Error will, but Truth can't die;
Its power is omnipotent,
  Its great author, God Most High.

The time has passed when bigots dare
  Take thy life for speaking Truth;
Men are outgrowing everywhere
  Follies taught them in their youth.

Old Superstition's dying fast,
  And every thinker knows it;
Dogmatic creeds are losing caste,
  Our growth in freedom shows it.

Truth's glorious standard, raise it high,
  To the breeze be it unfurled;
Behold it wave in heaven's blue sky,
  Proclaiming freedom to the world.

DAYLIGHT IS BREAKING.

The daylight is breaking,
The people are waking,
And tyrants grow pale at the sight;
They, the curse of the world,
From their thrones shall be hurled
In the blaze of the incoming light.

Proudly floating on high,
In the blue azure sky,
Is the banner of Freedom and Right;
Let the dastardly knave,
Who would have man his slave,
Himself bear the brunt of the fight.

Let each nation select
Whom they choose to elect
Their chief for a term of years;
And there won't be a crown
To whom people bow down
On one of this world's hemispheres.

Then most men will agree,
Even though they can't see
All things in the very same light,
That each man is a brother,

And will help one another
With heart, and with soul, and with might.

Let religion be this,
To make suffering less,
And see that the hungry are fed;
Be this motto our creed,
And none other we'll need—
"Help for the living, hope for the dead."

FAITH AND WORKS.

He that is rich in this world's goods,
And knows his brother is in need,
Feeling no compassion for him,
Has a worthless faith indeed;
He may make a loud profession,
Songs of Zion he may sing;
Better make a true confession,
For God's love dwells not in him.

Said St. Paul, the great expounder—
And his words o'er earth we'd spread:
"Followers of the loving Master,
Faith without good works is dead."
Faith and works should go together,

And let mere profession cease;
Learn to love and serve each other,
Like the glorious Prince of Peace.

Let us each our heart examine,
And there see what we may find
Of tender love and sweet compassion;
Be not self-deceived or blind.
If we sow not seeds of kindness,
No rich harvest shall we reap;
Our desert some day will find us—
Nature's law leaves no escape.

Penalty is sure to follow
In the path of pride and greed,
And reward will come some morrow
For each noble, generous deed;
Oh! be good and kind and tender,
Throw aside the selfish past;
What is pomp and earthly splendor,
If we reach not Heaven at last?

INGERSOLL AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

We know full well how vain it is
With words to gild a grief,
Yet from each grave we'd take its fear
And give sad hearts relief.
Here in this world, where life and death
Exist as equal kings,
All should be brave enough to meet
What either of them brings.

The future has been filled with fear,
Polluted by the past;
The heartlessness of cruel creeds
With gloom the grave o'ercast.
From the wondrous tree of life
The buds and blossoms fall
Together with the ripened fruit,
One bed receives them all.

The patriarchs and tender babes
Lie sleeping side by side;
Why should we fear what comes to all
Upon life's rolling tide?
We cannot tell—we do not know
Which state for us is best.

To live through life with all its woe,
Or die and be at rest.

We cannot say death's not a good,
For it may be the door
Through which we reach another life,
Where sorrows come no more.
We cannot tell if death's dark night
Is not somewhere a dawn;
Or if, indeed, it is not best
To die in childhood's morn.

Before the lips have formed a word,
While yet on mother's breast;
Fond mother, weep not, for thy child
Has found eternal rest.
While he who journeys the whole length
Of life's uneven road
Is burdened with a weight of years
And falls beneath the load.

The crutch and staff no more support
The poor old tottering frame;
The life which like a taper burns
Will flicker out the same.
Every cradle asks us whence,
Every coffin whither;
We must confess we do not know
The one, nor yet the other.

Barbarians can these questions ask
And answer just as well
As he who preaches all his life
Of Heaven and of hell;
The tearful ignorance of one
Consoles the aching heart
As much as the unmeaning words
Which learned priests impart.

Books have been written, dogmas taught,
Exciting doubts and fears;
All setting forth a future state
Of endless pain and tears;
But no man standing at a grave
Life's horizon has touched,
Has any right to prophesy
The soul's forever crushed.

Death may be giving all there is
Of good or worth to life;
If those whom we most dearly love—
Sister, husband, friend or wife—
Had fate decreed they ne'er should die
Or leave our home and hearth,
That love we prize and hold so dear
Might wither from the earth.

Perhaps death treads from out the paths
  Which lie our hearts between,
The weeds of selfishness and hate
  To keep fond memories green.
Another life is naught to us
  Unless we know again
Those who have shared our joy and grief,
  Our pleasure and our pain.

I'd live and love where death is king,
  And glory in my lot,
Sooner than have eternal life
  Where love existeth not.
Let those who stand with breaking hearts
  Around the dear one's grave
Remember all have got to die,
  The master and the slave.

The larger and the nobler faith
  With which our hearts are blessed
Tells us that death, e'en at its worst,
  Is only perfect rest.
There's consolation in the thought,
  The dead are free from pain,
And if there is another life,
  We'll meet our loved again.

We for the future have no fear,
  We bow at Nature's call;
One mother gave us each our birth,
  One fate awaits us all.
Soon in the common bed of earth
  Shall rest each weary head,
Help for the living is our creed
  And hope for all the dead.

Thus spake the Colonel at a grave
  Where hearts with grief were riven;
Their sobs were hushed, their tears were dried,
  Hope whispered, Trust in Heaven,
For if a God there reigns above,
  His wisdom who can tell;
He chasteneth with a Father's love;
  He doeth all things well.

TO DESPOTS AND BIGOTS.

The following lines were suggested on seeing an apology in a newspaper to its readers for publishing a synopsis of a lecture delivered by a Free Thinker:

Once you had power the truth to suppress
By thumb-screw, by faggot and sword;
Now you seek to control or hamper the press,
Fair play you will not accord.

With few worthy exceptions, there's not a free press
In our boasted free land to-day;
For fear of offending, they crawl before bigots,
And hold back what manhood would say.

Oh! that there were more who would speak their thoughts nobly,
With courage undaunted and bold;
Their names would live longer in fame and in story,
On tablets more lasting than gold.

From the night of the past the people are waking,
No matter what bigots may say;
King-craft and priest-craft, you are trembling and shaking,
Your power is passing away.

The fact that you shrink from a fair criticising
Is proof that your systems are wrong;
The dogmas you prop and bolster by lying
Will be swept off as rubbish ere long.

Though with clerical brass and pompous assurance
You malign the good and the true;
You only display your own learned ignorance,
'Tis all in this age you dare do.

Once you had power the truth to suppress
By thumb-screw, by faggot and sword;
Now you seek to control or hamper the press,
Fair play you will not accord.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

There are men who will give with unstinted hand
Their hundreds and thousands thrice told,
If public laudation they can but command,
Whose hearts are yet narrow and cold.

They love to be mentioned by pulpit and press,
Lack of praise they cannot endure;
'Twere well if they sought to feed vanity less
And think of the needy and poor.

If a man is unkind to his poor fellowman,
Unfeeling to one sore distressed,
His religion, indeed, is merely a sham,
He heeds not the Master's behest.

We honor the man that is noble and true,
With heart sympathetic and kind,
Who seeks not for praise for the good he may do;
Such men, though, you seldom will find.

When you see a man's wealth makes him pompous and proud,
Regard him with pity, not scorn;
In a few fleeting years he'll be wrapt in his shroud,
A poor, penniless, lifeless form.

"Love one another," is the Master's behest,
A command we should not despise;
Of all the Church teaches this motto is best,
Love, "love one another," be wise.

If we fail to love man, whom here we have seen,
We cannot love God—we're so told
By the Teacher Divine, the dear Nazarene,
Who taught His disciples of old.

OMNIPOTENCE.

O, Fount of Life, our Father, God—here below
We cannot comprehend Thy ways,
Or why so much of pain, of anguish, grief and woe,
Yet we shall trust Thee all our days.

But why so much of pain and sorrow—who can tell?
It surely cannot be for naught;
We are assured Omnipotence does all things well,
Whate'er may be our fate or lot.

We humbly bow before divine, unerring law,
Since there's no place where God is not;
Throughout the boundless universe there is no flaw;
Cheer up, my soul; you're not forgot.

AS GOD SPEAKS TO THE ENLIGHTENED CONSCIENCE TO-DAY.

Every creed to which you're clinging,
Every form of worship's vain,
If to Me you are not bringing
Hearts sincere while hands are clean.

Thus God is speaking to the soul,
Evolving truth in human hearts;
He, the great stupendous whole,
Of whom His children are parts.

Though reason bigots try to crush,
It still keeps growing stronger;
Upheaving now the old time church,
They can't suppress it longer.

Too long held superstition sway,
Oh! humanity rejoice,—
The word of God as heard to-day
Comes to us through reason's voice.

Saying, oh, do not worship Me,
With the haughty, proud and vain,
Or where the pompous Pharisee
Treats the poor with cold disdain.

O not in temples made with hands,
Where hypocrites dissemble;
Not there with those deluded bands
Would I have thee assemble.

Who cling to myths of by-gone times,
And still foolishly insist
That I inflicted divers kinds
Of cruelty on man and beast.

Who think an ancient martyr's blood
Will for their base lives atone;
'Twere better if they understood,
All that's wrong must be outgrown.

Those books they call the word divine
Contain some useful lessons;
But more of wicked, shameless crime,—
More curses than of blessings.

They say I'm love, and yet they teach
A vindictive God of wrath;
Can anger, wrath and vengeance each
Exist in loving parent's heart?

Away in dark, dark ages past,
When man was crude, brutal, low,
His mind conceived a God to match
His own in cruelty.

Then cast aside each cruel creed,
Let no fear thy spirit tax;
For I ne'er break a bruised reed,—
I ne'er quench the smoking flax.

Let thy devotion be to truth,
Not to mystery or fraud;
Teach hoary age and buoyant youth
That loving man is serving God.

Truth, love and justice be thy creed,
And to do what good you can,
Be foremost in each noble deed,
All other creeds are empty sham.

Then find thy church in thine own mind,
Treat all mankind as brothers;
With thy religion thus defined,
Have charity—for others.

CRITICISM.

A man we knew, possessed a coin,
That it was pure, he'd vow,
Yet, aqua fortis as a test,
He never would allow:
This cherished coin from ages past,
Was handed down to him—
To doubt that it was purest gold,
He thought would be a sin.

He had a son, a bright young man,
A good, observing boy,
He tested this old coin one day,
And found it part alloy.
The old man in an awful rage,
Cried: "Infidel, begone!
You have become a skeptic, boy,
You wicked, doubting son!"

* * * * * * *

Now, any word that cannot stand
Fair criticism's test,
We deem it our prerogative
To doubt, if we think best;

And in this age of common sense
  And learning well combined,
The truest, best, and wisest men,
  No longer will be blind.

A higher criticism now
  Attracts the minds of men,
And Whittier's lines are just as true
  As writ by prophet's pen.
Right is right, since God is God,
  And right the day must win,"
To doubt it would be cowardice,
  To falter, would be sin.

With love for our bright guiding star,
  Our watchword, "Truth and Right,"
We soon shall leave behind us far,
  Old Superstition's night.
Retain the gold; reject the dross
  From all you read or hear!
Let reason play its noble part,
  And keep a conscience clear.

CRUDE VIEWS OF DEITY.

I called and ye have not hearkened, I stretched forth my hands and ye have not heeded; now, therefore, I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh.—Bible.

All patience gone, with heart of stone,
High seated on His lofty throne,
He laughs to hear His children cry,
And mocks them in their agony.
This view of God will pass away
In the bright incoming day.

A God of anger, vengeance, wrath,
To all who spurn a certain faith;
Who has prepared an endless hell
Where those poor souls must ever dwell;
This view of God will pass away
In the bright incoming day.

A God who sacrificed His son
For what, 'tis said, another done;
For wrath one Adam had incurred,
The thought is morally absurd.
This view of God will pass away
In the bright incoming day.

Some still believe, O, sad to tell,
God foreordained some souls for hell,
To suffer mid a ghastly throng;
E'en infants less than one span long.
This view of God will pass away
In the bright incoming day.

These foolish views, and many more,
Born of ignorance, days of yore,
Will pass away in due season
Before the onward march of reason.
For reason's voice man will obey
In the bright incoming day.

Some hold to views extremely crude,
To minds advanced they seem absurd;
But when from superstition free,
They'll find a better deity.
Their angry God will pass away
In the bright incoming day.

ONCE.

Once, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,
Was the highest expression of justice; in truth
Men were vindictive, crude, cruel and rash,
And they dreamed of a God their temper to match.
The old mythical god bears marks of decay,
And the notions men held are passing away.

Now reason, untrammeled, doth place in his stead
Nature's true God, by whom all things are fed.
The soul of the universe ever will stand,
Controlling all planets, all orbs and each land;
By immutable law forever the same:
This is the true God, and we honor the name.

A God that is wise and ineffably good,
Who ne'er thought of drowning the race with a flood;
Who never repented that He had made man,
For that would involve a mistake in His plan;
A God that's all wisdom, goodness and might,
Does nothing to grieve for, naught but what's right.

And still there are those who His name would defame
By saying, "He'll torture His children in flame
Everlasting—in agony wild."
Oh! is there a man would thus punish his child?
No! Then we believe the time surely will come
When God will recall His erring ones home.

REJOICE.

Rejoice! ye seekers after light;
  Rejoice! oh vanguard of the race;
Rejoice! that superstition's night
  To reason's dawn is giving place.

Rejoice! we're living in an age
  When men can speak their honest thought
Regardless of the bigot's rage;
  Their power is gone, we fear them not.

The thumb-screw and the rack to-day
  As arguments must not be sought;
For reason now asserts her sway,
  And science hath not delved for naught.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

See! How lives each year are sacrificed
(To sate a barbarous law at best),
For whom some work should be devised,
And proceeds go to the distressed.

The body and the soul to sever,
To kill by law we deem it wrong;
Would we condone the crime? No, never,
The law should be both just and strong.

There's naught, but proof of innocence
Should set a murderer convict free,
We'd have no travesty on justice,
But justice with humanity.

There are none so totally depraved
In whom there is no good beside,
And do you doubt they can be saved
For whom you say a Savior died?

Let mercy temper justice ever,
In love to man be firm and strong;
The silver cord some day must sever,
The thread of life will part e'er long.

That hosts are on the ancient plain,
Their thirst for vengeance shows us;
O, Christians, have you any shame
Who preach of Christ, yet practice Moses?

DOING, NOT TALKING.

Sublime is the life that's unfettered by creed,
That has no narrow way marked to walk in;
A life that responds to each true, noble deed;
Whose religion is doing, not talking.

A life that can help others sorrow to bear,
Pained when the weak are oppressed by the strong;
A life that is willing to do and to dare, —
Defending the right, abhorring the wrong.

A heart that can feel for another in woe,
Regardless of race, of country, or creed;
When appealed to for help can never say no;
For it has outgrown all personal greed.

A generous soul sees in each man a brother;
God overhead as the Father of all.
True lives are devoted to helping each other,
In freeing the world from oppression and thrall.

Sublime is the life that's unfettered by creed,
That has no narrow way marked to walk in;
A life that responds to each true, noble deed;
Whose religion is doing, not talking.

MY FATHER'S STAFF.

This staff supported once my father's aged form,
In Summer's sunshine, and in Winter's chilling storm,
When over four score years and ten, yea, five years more,
He passed from earth to dwell with loved ones gone before,
And this reminds me of my fate, the fate of man,
Howe'er so long his life, it seemeth but a span.

And now I look on this old staff as on a friend,
Reminding me of coming years and how they'll end
In the ocean of eternity without a shore,
Where all who ever lived on earth have gone before,
But oh, to some there have been glimpses given
Which justify this hope, we'll meet our loved in Heaven.

The handle's carvings, worn smooth with his dear hand,
The ferrule is also worn by contact with the sand,
His form once so erect in manhood's pride and prime,
At last gave way beneath the withering hand of time.
If this old staff could only talk, methinks 'twould tell
Of father's hopes and fears for those he loved so well.

This handle once adorned the head of some proud
stag,
Swiftly bounding o'er the plain or rugged mountain
crag.
Perchance the flesh that Nature to its form did bring,
Hath been transformed ere this to peasant, lord, or
king.
While peasant, lord and king return to mother earth,
To give new forms of life their origin or birth.

From whence the atoms which compose this stout
old staff?
They always did exist. Unthinking minds may laugh,
But something out of nothing never yet was made
And transformations leave creation in the shade.
We see the change from clod to man, from man to
clod,
But the immortal soul goes back again to God.

RELIGIOUS GROWTH.

Dear Father God, kind, just and true,
  Forever be Thy name adored!
Lord of the Gentile as of Jew,
  We bow to Thee with one accord.

All worshiping and loving hearts,
  In every land beneath the sun,
Of thy great family are parts,
  And all in Thee can blend as one.

One family with different views:
  In groups; united or combined
The true religion to diffuse,
  According to their scope of mind.

Ah! sad mistakes have oft been made
  In methods to perform this work
With cruel persecution's aid,
  By Jew, by Christian, and by Turk.

But God be praised! how things are changed
  By evolution, growth or law!
We hardly feel men should be blamed
  For what they dreamed or thought they saw,

Now we have reached a higher plain;
The tendency of this grand age
Is not to slander or defame—
Time has subdued the bigots' rage.

There's less intolerance today,
And it surely is a token,
That discords all shall flee away—
The Almighty Voice hath spoken.

We shall agree to disagree,
And each respect his brother man;
Enjoy the highest liberty,
Without hypocrisy and sham.

The cruel deeds our fathers done,
In sweet religion's sacred name,
Would rend the hardest heart of stone,
And cause this age to blush with shame.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK.

This book, to me in friendship given,
Tells of leaders of mankind;
Men, who fearlessly have striven,
Soul exalting truth to find.

In ages dark, when might made right,
Freedom crushed on every side;
They rent the clouds, let in the light
And, the bigots' wroth, defied.

Though much, that we may deem untrue,
They may honestly have held;
Yet, much of falsehood they outgrew,
Onward they, the people led.

Some minds today are farther on
From superstition freer;
With clearer light, exposing wrong,
And, doubtless, as sincere,

But, when a man outgrows the old—
Attains to something higher,
The unprogressive treat him cold—
Brand him fool, or knave, or liar.

Thus it has ever, ever been
In the ages that are past,
But Truth, triumphant, shall be seen
To wear the victor's crown at last.

Still, upward is man's destiny,
Higher, higher he shall soar,
On, on through all eternity,
Gaining knowledge evermore.

TO DESPOTS.

Tremble tyrants on your thrones,
Ruling the restless throng;
Relics of the days of old,
You'll pass away ere long.
Men, they now begin to see
That you are useless things,
Swear by Heaven they will be free,
From emperors and kings.

Say, why should a child when born
Be heir unto a throne?
Men regard you now with scorn,
Intelligence alone,
Yes, intelligence shall rule,
Each nation's throbbing heart;

Royal tyrants, knaves or fools
Must from the earth depart.

Long has human blood been shed
Sustaining every throne,
Justice soon will rule instead;
The world's the people's own,
Given them by God above,
They claim it as their right;
Monarchs, step down, make your bow,
And bid the world good night.

IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT.

It don't seem right, that man to man
Should ever be unkind,
And yet, how few upon life's way
A broken heart will bind.

It don't seem right when men of wealth
Treat others with disdain;
Possessing less of stocks and lands,
Perhaps, more heart and brain.

It don't seem right that worthy souls
Privation should endure,
Whose honest toil make others rich,
Themselves remaining poor.

It don't seem right that plighted vows
Should be so easy broke,
And lives ignore each tender tie
Or word they fondly spoke.

It don't seem right for aged men,
Who've sixty summers seen,
To talk of love to youthful maids
Of twenty or sixteen.

It don't seem right, when one grows old,
To be quite set aside,
When just in view of endless youth
Beyond the rolling tide.

It don't seem right that busy tongues
Should sever loving hearts;
As oft they do in friendship's guise,
By words that pierce like darts.

It don't seem right to teach us truth
(Yet many people do),
What reason says is foolishness
Man! to thy self be true.

It don't seem right to disregard
A fellow creature's woe,
Or from our mind this truth discard,
We'll reap what e'er we sow.

PLAGIARISM.

The man who will steal a scrap or a verse,
Affixing thereto his own name,
Is the meanest of thieves, he would steal a man's purse;
He is void of true manhood and shame.

A man who would steal another man's lines
To give to the world as his own,
Is of lenial descent from the father of lies,
His origin clearly is shown.

Such a man may usurp a gentleman's place,
But honor and truth, he has none.
Overtaken some day in shame and disgrace,
He will find himself standing alone.

With his self-respect lost, a man only in name,
Full conscious of meanness so vile,
Worthy people regard him with more than disdain,
Despising his sinister smile.

TRUE RICHES.

A cheerful word or pleasant smile
  Will sometimes soothe an aching heart,
And from the cares of life beguile
  A soul which feels its bitter smart;
As sunshine scatters gloom away
So may thy smiles from day to day.

If ever weary thou should'st grow
  Or long to lay thy burden down,
Then seek to ease another's woe
  Whose lot is harder than thine own;
Preserve thy soul in perfect peace,
And live to work and serve thy race.

There's none so lowly, poor or sad,
  But they some cheerful word can say
To help a brother on life's road,
  Or ease his burden on the way;
Oft those with most of earthly gain
Pass through this life with most of pain.

Faith, Hope and Charity combined
  Are sisters pure of Heavenly birth,
He in whose breast a home they find
  Need envy not the kings of earth;
His heart responds to pity's call,
In wealth he doth surpass them all.

Though poor indeed may be his lot
As far as earthly riches go,
With nobler wealth his soul is fraught
Of sympthy for human woe;
Such wealth surpasses that of gold
Ten thousand times ten thousand fold.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

Sometimes I am weary of life,
It seemeth so dark and so drear;
Almost ready to yield in the strife,
And give up the fight in despair.

But hope whispers thus in mine ear—
"Oh gird up thy loins and be strong,
Only cowards surrender through fear,
The battle of life is not long."

Bright Angel of Hope, still remain,
Illumine the gloom of my night;
For without thee, the conflict is vain,
I surely will fall in the fight.

Sometimes I am weary of life,
The way is so dark and so drear;
Almost willing to yield in the strife,
And give up the fight in despair.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

If love and justice could prevail,
Woman, man would cease to wrong,
And on every passing gale,
Blessings round our life would throng.

All generous men must now confess,
Woman is not treated fair;
She justice seeks, no more, no less;
Disregard not woman's prayer.

See! the worthless, idle loafer,
Drunkards too, with bloodshot eyes,
Ranked as citizens above her—
Is this justice? Is it wise?

Give her the ballot in her hand,
She, the right will not abuse,
Unselfish natures—by her stand!
Let her vote, if she so choose.

Women who oppose this measure,
Need not worry, fret or foam;
If it meets not with their pleasure,
They can surely stay at home.

All you who evil would abate,
And would good to others do,
All you who chains and fetters hate,
Help this grand reform through.

Not in grog-shop, barn or stable,
Would we then record our vote;
We'd discover we were able
To be decent, and we'd note

Woman's gentle, magic power,
Peace and order would abound;
And we'd feel that sacred hour
Standing as on holy ground.

Some say "that only those should vote,
Who in time of war could fight,"
This little argument we'll note—
Let us see if they are right!—

Restrict the ballot to our sons
Fit to fight or carry arms?
The weakly and the aged ones,
Would be robbed of freedom's charms.

They say if women cast their votes,
"They will have to mix with men!"
Well, what of crowds on cars and boats?
What of expositions then?

In crowded churches, crowded halls,
  Everywhere they mix with men;
At crowded theaters, crowded balls—
  There is no objection then!

There's not one bit of argument
  Opposition brings to bear,
That has a single feather's weight—
  But there is prejudice to fear!

Admit this fact, indeed we must!—
  The light of past experience shows
No cause, however, wise and just,
  But has had its open foes.

Then, workers in this latest field,
  Still have courage, you shall win;
The enemy ere long will yield;
  Wrong, to right at last gives in.

TENDER WORDS.

From tender words and cheerful voices,
Lives derive their greatest joy,
Enabling us to bear the crosses
Oft arising to annoy.

A tender word in kindness spoken,
Oft will soothe the aching heart;
A look, a smile, or some fond token,
Easing sorrow's bitter smart.

O! tender words! how sweet are they,
To the soul with anguish riven—
Perchance for dear ones passed away,
Gone before, to home and Heaven.

And tender words speak to the erring,
They may touch some chord divine
Yet in poor human nature dwelling,
Raising it to hights sublime.

When some poor soul is sad and weary,
Feeling lonely and unblest;
When all the world seems lone and dreary,
Tender words may give it rest;

While tender words and deeds, together,
As the case need so require,
May raise some sinking, timid brother,
And anew his soul inspire.

Speak tender words in all thy dealings!
Oh! this life is far too short
To waste in nursing bitter feelings,
Or to spend in idle thought.

Speak tender words! for men are dying,
Hearts are broken, bleeding, crushed;
And mourners o'er their loved are crying,
Weeping o'er pathetic dust.

Tender words have power to move us,
Bringing back the day that's gone,
And tears held back for years may blind us
At the sound of some sweet song.

THE GREEN ISLE OF BEAUTY.

The following lines were written on receiving an Irish blackthorn stick:

This product, Erin, of thy soil,
(Indigenous to thee alone)
Reminds me of your sons of toil,
Enduring hardships all their own.

Dear Isle, where first I drew my breath.
How oft my thoughts recur to thee!
No fairer land on God's green earth!
Oh! will thy sons be ever free?

As I recall my boyhood years
And those I loved with fervor strong,
Forgive, forgive these falling tears,
For mem'rys round the heart will throng.

Poor, poor, misruled, unhappy land,
Continue still to hope and pray;
God holds the nations in His hand,
And all your wrongs He'll right some day.

Green Isle of beauty and of wit,
Thy mem'ry shall be ever dear;
I would be false, could I omit
To shed for thee a silent tear.

This staff I'm holding in my hand,
Far from its native island home,
Calls to my mind a scattered band
And some that are forever gone—

I must not say forever gone,
We'll meet again on heaven's shore,
And still I'll pray in prose and song,
God bless old Erin evermore!

THE BAGLEY FOUNTAIN.

When'er this fountain we behold
Or taste its cooling stream,
A noble citizen's bequest,
We'll think of Bagley's name.
A broad and generous soul was he
As ever blessed this land,
The poor and needy in distress
He helped with willing hand.

The aged and the fatherless
Were his especial care,
Where shall we find his like again—
Echo answereth "Where?"
As free as water he bestowed
His benefits on all,

He ne'er was deaf to pity's cry
But answered many a call.

Regardless of their faith or race
Their country or their clan,
His creed—"The Fatherhood of God
And Brotherhood of Man."
His worth will be remembered long,
'Twill stand on history's page;
His name shall be a household word
And live from age to age.

Well may this commonwealth be proud
Of John J. Bagley's name,
A man with such a breadth of soul
Deserves immortal fame.
In this age of greed for gold,
Of empty boast and sham,
To think of such a noble soul,
Still gives us faith in man.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY

On the Death of Her Mother.

Mourn not for thy mother as dead;
  She only has passed on before,
Where no tears of anguish are shed,
  Her sorrows and trials are o'er.

Her poor throbbing heart is at rest,
  No more to be riven with pain,
The will of the Father is best—
  We surely will meet her again.

In thy sorrow, we too bear a part,
  Oh, doubt not the wisdom above,
Though the rod of affliction may smart,
  Still trust in an infinite love.

Now she has reached that higher life,
  You would not wish her back, we know,
To share again earth's care and strife,
  Or mingle in its scenes of woe.

Naught, naught unkind can wound her now,
  No cruel word can pierce her breast;
Or bring a shadow o'er that brow,
  Sleeping the sleep of endless rest.

The ways of God are always good,
For He alone is truly wise,
And if His ways we understood,
We'd dry our tears and cease our sighs.

And wisely live our few short days,
The span of life, by Nature given,
Neglect of health by wilful ways,
Is suicide in sight of Heaven.

Have faith in God, He knows thy grief,
And he will send the healing balm,
Which gives the wounded heart relief,
And brings the troubled spirit calm.

Oh mourn not thy mother as dead,
As though you ne'er should see her more,
With joy look thou forward, instead,
To the meeting on Heaven's fair shore.

THE RAINBOW.

Violet, indigo and blue,
Mingled with yellow, orange, green and red,
Blending harmoniously, we view,
Forming the rainbow o'er our head,
Forming the beauteous rainbow o'er our head.

See the rainbow arched on high,
Its sevenfold colors all combining,
When we behold it on the sky
We know the sun through mist is shining—
And the clouds have on a silver lining.

Our Father, God, needs no reminder
(Belief in fable is declining)—
Than earthly parent He is kinder.
The clouds have on a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

Religions have their different shading,
Yet each the truth for man divining,
Though we may deem some things misleading—
The clouds have on a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

If adverse fortune weigh thee down,
And friendships fond all seem declining,
If some who smiled now on thee frown —
The clouds still have a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

Though friends prove false, and treat thee cold,
Waste not thy life in sad repining;
'Twill make things worse a thousandfold—
The clouds still have a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

Should earthly friendships all prove dross,
And in the mass no gold be shining,
In such a case there is no loss—
The clouds have on a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun's still shining.

Put thine own shoulder to the wheel,
Steadily life's pathway climbing;
The world itself thy power may feel—
The clouds still have a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

Though fog and mist enshroud the way,
Above it all the sun is shining;
Beyond there is a brighter day—
The clouds still have a silver lining,
And the rainbow says the sun is shining.

Violet, indigo and blue,
Mingled with yellow, orange, green and red,
Blending harmoniously, we view,
Forming the rainbow o'er our head,
Forming the beauteous rainbow o'er our head.

FACTS.

In the following lines we shield neither sex,
Yet we only say what are known to be facts;
Dear reader, they may not apply unto you—
You may be of those who are faithful and true.

We would not be unkind in stating the truth,
But this we will say to old age or to youth:
If from us you differ, or truth will decry,
Just look in your heart for the real motive why.

There's nothing more vile than to nourish distrust,
Yet we know there are some who are victims to lust;
Exercise common sense, and open your eyes,
Take warning by others and learn to be wise.

Broad indeed is the road of folly and sin,
And legion are they who are wandering therein,
Whose souls were once pure as the stars' gentle light,
Now straying from virtue in sin's dreary night.

A fair one discarding pure womanly shame,
Becomes a disgrace to her sex and her name;
For when modesty's gone, oh; she is bereft
Of all womanly charms, the sweetest and best.

You've heard the old saying—alas! it's too true
(There may be exceptions; if so, they are few)—
If unfaithful to one, she would be to more;
Frail nature to-day is the same as of yore.

You will say man's as bad—we think he is worse,
Though poor woman must bear the weight of the curse;
He goes where he likes, does what mischief he can,
Yet by some he's esteemed an excellent man.

If a woman does wrong, her character's lost,
But a man may go round and make it his boast;
Yet matrons and maidens they on him will smile,
Too oft when they know that his conduct is vile.

What's mere folly in man in woman is crime;
It has ever been so since beginning of time.
And why it is thus, I am sure I can't say—
That he is exalted, and she cast away.

Oh! libertine, think of the anguish and strife
Your victim endures in her dissolute life;
If she fain would reform, proud Pharisees cold
Would bar up each entrance back to the fold.

So she's left an outcast, to beg or to die,
Or sink deeper in sin, with no pitying eye
Save her Father's in Heaven, His love is the same,
He knows how to pity, He knows whom to blame.

Unlike the dear Jesus we read of, of old,
His followers to-day are formal and cold;
In His great loving heart, so pure and so clean,
He could find room for the poor Magdalene.

CHRISTMAS, 1890.

Eighteen hundred and ninety years
  Will this day have passed away
Since He whose glorious name it bears
  In a lowly manger lay.

Thus, low and humble was the birth
  Of this mighty Prince of Peace,
Whose mission to this sinful earth
  Was to raise the human race.

God's greatest gift to man was He;
  By His pure and spotless life
He has set forth what man may be
  When redeemed from sin and strife.

The law of Moses, "Blood for Blood,"
He forever cast aside;
He would have it understood
Naught but love should now abide.

He the holiest precepts taught
"Love to God and Love to Man";
Shall His teachings go for naught
Who the hearts of men could scan?

If we His teachings would obey,
Our lives would be more blest;
Let us resolve this Christmas Day
That He shall be our guest.

If you, whose eyes now rest on this,
Would wiser grow from day to day,
And reach at last yon realms of bliss,
List to Christ, His words obey.

Have pity on each erring soul,
Win them back to Christ and God;
Speed His name from pole to pole,
Sound His praises all abroad.

I'LL LOVE THEE FONDLY STILL.

You vowed you would be ever true,
And fondly I believed;
I cannot think those tender words
Were spoken to deceive.
Thy love to me is dearer far
Than costly gems or gold;
But, ah! I feel from day to day
To me you're growing cold.

Oh, has another now the love
That I so dearly prize?
Or has thy heart been changed to stone,
Forgetting all past ties?
You may prove false and treat me cold,
But thee I never will;
I'll ne'er forget the days gone by,
I'll love thee fondly still.

I cherish every tender word,
Each recollection fond,
Although I feel that, in my heart,
That I, indeed, am wronged;
But still may Heaven its choicest gifts
On thee forever pour;
Think of me kindly as thy friend—
Thy friend, if nothing more.

THE EXILE.

Oh! let me take one lingering look
On mountain, vale and dell;
The birds, the trees, the rippling brook
All seem to breathe farewell.

Adieu! my kindred, friends and home;
Adieu! each dear old spot.
No matter where o'er earth I roam,
You ne'er shall be forgot.

Sweet scenes of childhood's happy hour,
From you I now must part;
But, oh! there is no earthly power
Can blot you from my heart.

The tyrant's feet may press the soil
With uncompassion shod;
Who would be free, for freedom toil,
Have hope and trust in God.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

No truer verse was ever wrote
Than this, by Wesley's pen;
It should awaken serious thoughts
Within the breasts of men:

"Years roll round, and steal away
The breath which first they gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave."

How many millions pass away,
Even in one short year;
The debt of nature all must pay,
Though life be e'er so dear.

I would not shroud this day in gloom,
Or dim one sparkling eye;
There are no terrors in the tomb
For those prepared to die.

As new years come rolling round,
We ought of self inquire:
Now on what pathway are we bound?
Is it tending higher?

The tender word, or kindly deed,
We should bestow each day,
As some poor soul our help may need
To cheer it on life's way.

Make others happy if you can,
And keep a conscience clear;
Who loves his God and fellowman
The future need not fear.

May this year be our happiest one,
As we for freedom stand;
In all that's good may we grow strong,
And blessings crown our land.

God speed the time in every land
When justice, man shall sway;
Who says "Amen?" Give me your hand—
I, "Happy New Year," say.

CALL IT NOT LOVE.

Grieve not for the love that failed to endure,
It's far from deserving your tears or your sighs;
It never was true, of this I am sure,
'Twas the guile of the serpent that gleamed from
those eyes.

Transfixing its gaze on its object, it craves
To gratify longings unholy and vile;
First seeking to charm, and then it enslaves—
Ah! lust is not love, though dressed in a smile.

Grieve not for the love that failed to endure,
When clouds of adversity darkened your day;
It could not be love—it was something impure,
Unworthy of thought—then cast it away.

True love will remain, though misfortunes befall you,
While sham and pretense will soon fade away;
The true will abide, to comfort and cheer you,
Giving strength to the soul in adversity's day.

Grieve not for love that failed to endure,
And share in your sorrow to lighten the cross;
O! call it not love—it never was pure—
It was only the counterfeit article—dross.

MUSIC.

Euterpe's presence still is found
Where notes harmoniously resound,
Presiding as in classic lore,
Resplendent as in days of yore.
Preside, sweet muse, o'er land and sea
Blend discords into melody.

The power of music who can tell?
Oh, is it not ineffable?
It soothes the soul to quiet rest,
Or kindles rapture in the breast;
In cadence low, or loud and clear,
It thrills the heart, it charms the ear.

The sculptor's hand can fashion forms
Replete with all but living charms;
The painter, too, with wondrous art,
Beauty to canvas can impart;
But Music calls forth joy and tears,
Whose memories live through endless years.

Orators may wield their power
To suit their subject and the hour;
Indeed, the gift which they possess
Is marvelous, we must confess;

Yet Music plays a higher part,
And sinks still deeper in the heart.

Aye, Music stands for much that's good,
Supplying wholesome, mental food,
Helping our growth from lower earth
Up to a higher plane or birth;
To reach at last that glorious throng,
And join their anthems loud and long.

Music of sister arts is queen,
The crown upon her brow is seen;
Harmony, symmetry and grace
Are stamped on beauteous form and face.
Come, let us bow, for it is meet
We lay our homage at her feet.

You gifted souls in this great art,
The good to mortals you impart
By your grand work, performed so well,
No human tongue can ever tell;
'Neath cottage roof or lofty dome,
Sweet Music breathes of Heaven and Home.

All the poets, all the preachers,
All the scientists, our teachers,
With our humblest fellow creatures,
If possessed of noble natures,
Are worshipers at Music's shrine,
And all proclaim the art divine.

SHE'S AT REST.

As we gaze on the still, cold face of the dead,
On the lifeless remains the spirit hath fled,
We feel to rejoice that her sufferings are o'er,
And that now she's at rest on Heaven's bright shore;

She is free from earth's cares, its trials and strife,
She is free from the pain that embittered her life;
She roams Heaven's plains with the loved, gone before,
And enjoys sweet repose on Heaven's bright shore.

Though short was her life, it was painful for years;
She often gave vent to her sorrow in tears;
But now she has peace and pure joy evermore,
In the land of the blest, on Heaven's bright shore.

The poor heart so riven by anguish and pain—
Its throbbings are o'er; it will ne'er ache again!
There she will meet us, when life's journey is o'er,
And greet us with welcome to Heaven's bright shore.

Dear friend, thy grave's in a lone, quiet spot,
But the days that are past shall ne'er be forgot.
If angels can visit from Heaven's bright shore,
We pray thee come often; come! come as of yore!

SPRING.

You will not ridicule my theme,
Whose heart is not a shrivelled clod;
Your soul has felt the thrilling flame
Of gratitude to nature's God.

Sweet Spring! To cheer the earth it comes;
Adieu to Winter, storm and strife;
Bright flowers are spinning 'round our homes,
Fit emblems of the better life.

Awaiting every human soul,
Howe'er so low or sad their lot—
Not one from out the countless whole
By Father's love is e'er forgot.

Though we be cast by fate or chance
In paths where we may often fall;
Still, o'er us is the pitying glance
Of Him who watches over all.

The tiny birds from shrubs and trees,
Are pouring forth their sweetest lays
As incense on each passing breeze—
As anthems to their Maker's praise.

Oh! you remind us, gentle Spring,
Of the dear ones passed from sight;
Fond memories 'round the heart will cling,
Though coming years will seem less bright.

Since last we felt thy sun's bright rays,
How many hearts have been oppressed—
How many sad and lonely days
In which the soul could find no rest?

Come! weeping mourners, dry those tears,
And waft your thoughts to realms on high;
The dearly loved of by-gone years,
Now live where loved ones never die.

As babbling brooks begin to flow,
Released from Winter's icy hand;
Let gratitude all hearts o'erflow,
In spreading gladness o'er the land,

With deeds of kindness soothing woe,
Scatter the seed of truth abroad;
Where least expected it may grow—
Have hope and trust, and faith in God!

And when the harvest time shall come,
O, may we find our labors blest;
Then when the sheaves are gathered home,
We will be cared for with the rest.

FALSE HEARTS AND FALSE LIPS.

Now who's your flame, you false creature?
Who now is your flame, we would ask,
With such passion for change in your nature,
And pretense of love as a mask.

With your fickle and changeable nature,
Your friendship is not worth a rap,
You may catch some dandified creature
With a head that is softer than sap.

A man loves a womanly nature,
A dude seeks a flirt on the mash;
And you, you poor frivolous creature,
May pick up with some bit of trash,

Who will flatter your form and bearing,
And tell you your face is so sweet;
In words you will think so endearing,
You'll be his till the next one you meet

Whose lips will repeat the same story,
Flirts love to have vanity fed;
Their cases are pitiful, very;
They have a soft spot in their head.

If such folks are united in marriage,
The crop of divorces will grow;
For, though they may ride in a carraige,
Their lives are not loyal, you know.

Flirts, true men regard with displeasure,
But pure, modest ladies adore,
For they are the world's dearest treasure,
And, oh! that their numbers were more;

Possessed of good sense, and knowing the while
That danger may lurk in their path,
Wisely detecting the flatterer's guile,
They will not be caught in his trap.

With dignity stamped on each feature,
Their manner is tender and sweet.
True woman (best product of nature)
Our homage we lay at your feet.

Then, away with false hearts and false lips,
Go blend with the frivolous throng;
For whether you're Madam or Miss,
Your friendship is not worth a song.

MEN ONLY IN NAME.

(On hearing a woman implore her husband not to strike her.)

Let dastards hear what others say,
And ponder on this truth:
"The man who will a woman strike
Is meaner than a brute—"

"Unworthy of the name of man—
A veritable thing!
And if he had his just desert
The lash his back would sting.

"The man who would a woman strike,
The law should take and flog,
For in his heart he knows himself
He's meaner than a dog.

"The male respects the female brute,
And with her will not fight,
He has more honor than a man
Who will a woman smite.

"The kindest are the bravest men
On every battle field;

Such cowards as would woman fight,
Are sure to run or yield.

"They have no honor in their soul,
They have no sense of shame,
Unworthy of the name of men,
They're only men in name."

BABY ONLY SLUMBERS.

It was hard, hard to surrender
The little angel guest,
And so young, so young and tender,
But our Father knows what's best.

Hush! the baby only slumbers
In a peaceful, quiet rest;
And to-day its spirit numbers
One among the truly blest.

The holy Nazarene of old
Clasped the children to His breast,
Of such, said He, is Heaven's fold,
Then indeed your babe is blest.

Angels bright now watch and tend it
With the purest, tenderest love,
And in coming years you'll join it
In our Father's home above.

The bud will blossom into flower,
In that more congenial clime,
And adorn some Heavenly bower
In God's paradise divine.

You will find your darling waiting
With a bright angelic band,
Giving you a joyous greeting
To the glorious Summer Land.

RAISE THE FALLEN.

Thoughtless souls all blind to danger,
Wrecked upon Life's downward track—
Do not speak to them in anger,
Give your hand and help them back.

Would you have Life's day, when ending,
Beauteous with a golden sun?
And thy spirit when ascending
Hear the joyful words, "well done?"

Raise the fallen, crushed and broken,
Bind their wounds and soothe their pain,
Tender words in kindness spoken
May give heart and hope again.

Oft the road is dark and dreary,
Gathering clouds bedim the way,
And the heart grows sick and weary,
Waiting for a brighter day.

Some may slip where others stumble;
Some too weak to stand, may fall;
Do not with impatience grumble,
Nor be deaf to Pity's call.

Said the Nazarene, our Brother,
"One another's burden bear;
Only they who love each other,
My discipleship may share."

LOVED ONE.

Oh, can it be that thou are gone,
Taken away in youth's bright morn,
To dwell in they celestial home
While we are left behind to mourn?

We miss thee, oh, we miss thee, May!
In vain we strove to have thee stay,
'Mid sighs and sobs, and falling tears;
Naught can assuage but rolling years.

But our great loss is thy great gain;
'Twere wrong to wish thee back again,
To share the sorrow, pain and care
We all are subject to whilst here.

The grave—we know thou art not there,
Thy soul is in a brighter sphere,
Exempt forever from all strife,
A spirit free in spirit life.

We cannot think thee far away,
Our loving and beloved May;
For angels come from Heaven's shore,
With balm, in wounded hearts to pour.

Thou oft will come at quiet eve,
And with thee bring thy darling babe;
And try to cheer the hearts so riven,
By whispering of Hope and Heaven.

A few more fleeting days or years,
We'll all be freed from Earthly cares,
And join thee in the Spirit Land,
A happy and unbroken band.

THE AUTHOR, TO HIS WIFE IN SPIRIT LAND.

Your kind, loving heart is forever at rest;
Its throbbings and achings are o'er;
Your spirit is now in the land of the blest,
With dear ones passed over before.

Few words and kind deeds, was your motto through life,
Unassuming modest and shy;
A true-hearted, loyal, affectionate wife
As ever bade husband good-bye.

Recollections of you and days that are gone,
From memory will never depart;
I always have loved you, you now know how strong;
You ever were dear to my heart.

And, though I shall miss you where e'er I abide,
We may not be always apart;
The thought, that you often may be by my side
To me is consoling in part.

Your departure, sweet soul, was mingled with sorrow,
For one left in darkness behind;
But, never mind, darling, we'll meet on some morrow,
Where eyes are all perfect; none blind.

As I journey along o'er life's flowing tide,
To the home of the soul where thou art;
Come often, dear Annie, and be by my side,
Some sweet, tender thought to impart.

REST.

We are sailing o'er life's ocean,
In a frail and fragile barque,
All tremulous with emotion,
For the way seems drear and dark.

As howling winds and tempests roar,
Our frail barque's timbers shiver;
Be calm my soul, you'll reach the shore
Through yonder peaceful river.

Great highway to eternal life,
See! see! on the golden strand,
Those who have passed from earth and strife—
Lo! they come, a glorious band.

Oh, tranquil stream, serenely calm,
Where the tempest tossed are blest
Where angels come with Heavenly balm
Gently whispering, "rest, sweet rest."

Rest from all turmoil, care and woe,
Safe from every earthly storm;

Rest where those peaceful waters flow,
Sweetly rest, safe, safe from harm.

There's no discord, no dissembling;
Harmony in every breast;
"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

MY BLACK AND TAN.

My constant friend, my faithful Dot!
My little friend is not forgot—
Forget I never can,
How she would lie down by my side,
And guard me with a jealous pride—
My faithful black and tan.

My fond companion night and day,
Content alone with me to stay,
Her friendship was no sham—
And in the house or on the street
She ne'er was far from master's feet—
My faithful black and tan.

Poor little Dot! Her life is o'er,
She ne'er will meet her master more,
Or with joy lick his hand.
Ah! Do not think my mind is weak,
Though tears may have suffused my cheek
For my poor black and tan.

Her love was pure, it ne'er grew cold—
Unlike the love that's bought and sold,
Which only gold can fan
Into the semblance of a flame;
My dog such love could put to shame—
My poor, dear black and tan.

Her memory now is all that's left!
Forgive me if I feel bereft,
Nor think me less a man,
I'll ne'er forget her winning ways—
My friend through dark and lonely days—
My poor, dear black and tan.

POOR OLD DICK.

(The following lines represent the writer (who has been in darkness for the last sixteen years), as talking to a canary bird of his, twenty-one years old.)

"Dick, Dick! You're listening, Dicky, speak!
Poor old Dick, you are too weak.
Then let me talk to you to-day,
In a quiet sort of way.

"My poor old Dick, you're twenty-one,
You're feeble now, your voice is gone—
I love you still, my dear old bird,
Your cheerful song I oft have heard.

"When you were younger, in your prime,
Your notes were like a flowing rhyme,
Now you sit silent in your cage,
Bearing the marks of time and age,

"Dick, things are changed with you and me,
Once you could sing and I could see,
But yet we both are treated kind,
Though you can't sing and I am blind.

"Bright, cheerful days we both have passed,
But Dick, you have grown old so fast,
Your limbs are weak, your strength is gone,
While I am yet both stout and strong.

"Both stout and strong, with sightless eyes,
But all must bow to the All-Wise,
There comes a brighter, happier day,
When sorrows all shall flee away.

"When old and feeble, Dick, like you,
Will I have friends as kind and true,
To shield me from the chilling blast,
And close these sightless eyes at last?"

Oh, let our minds in quiet rest,
Whatever is, is for the best;
A sparrow cannot fall unseen
By Him whose love is all supreme.

Who knows but in the Summer Land
Bright flowers shall grow and trees shall stand,
And birds may flit upon the wing,
And join their notes when angels sing.

CONTEMPLATION.

The landscape, in the distance seen,
  Is more enchanting far
Than when our footsteps bring us near,
  To gaze on rent and scar;
In looking o'er the flowery plain
  Rich verdure we behold,
But oft the spot whereon we stand
  Alone seems bare and cold.

Life is a plain spread out before us,
  With blooming prospects gay;
As we journey on and o'er it,
  We see our fondest hopes decay;

Earthly hopes may fade and perish,
  All we love may droop and die;
But this thought we love to cherish—
  Angel friends are ever nigh.

O'ER THE RIVER.

Friends are crossing o'er the river,
One by one they pass away;
All earth's dearest ties must sever;
Links are breaking day by day.

Are they gone from us forever?
No! they've only passed from sight;
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where there is no death, no night.

One common lot awaiteth all,
Grief will come to every heart;
The one most loved the first may fall,
By Death's relentless dart.

Oh, blessed hope! our loved we'll meet,
When we cross o'er the river;
Then happiness shall be complete
Forever and forever.

Sweet hope was planted in the breast,
As a healing balm for pain,
With faith in God, it giveth rest,
And we do not hope in vain.

Forgive our wanderings, oh God;
May we be faithful ever,
And reach at last that blest abode—
With dear ones o'er the river.

TO A MUSICAL FRIEND.

Though short our acquaintance, our friendship grew strong.
I ne'er can forget thy sweet voice in song;
And oft, when alone, as I think of your notes,
Their melody still o'er my memory floats.

If we ne'er meet on earth (but I trust that we will).
Fond memories of thee shall abide with me still.
And when meetings and partings in this life are o'er,
I hope we shall meet where friends part no more.

In that beautiful land just over the way,
Where clouds never gather to darken the day,
Where storm and tempest their fury ne'er pour,
But where harmony reigns, and joy evermore.

For in the hereafter what blessings we're told
Await us, more precious than all of earth's gold;
The sick will have health, and the blind will all see,
Where from sorrow and pain, God's children are free.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Her poor sad heart with grief ran o'er,
Her sorrows are all passed.
The faithless loved one came no more,
Whose name she dying gasped;

His tender words, and winning smile—
They wove a magic spell;
She thought him noble, true and kind,
Alas! poor soul, she fell.

He left her in a trying hour,
To face a cold world's scorn;
Oh! how she wept and moaned the day
That she had e'er been born.

With prayers for him upon her lips,
Breathing his name, she died;
Clasping her cold and slender hands
O'er a trusting heart beguiled,

To wear the bridal robe prepared,
A princess might be proud;
Dear trusting heart, she little dreamed,
It was to be her shroud.

Oh, kind, forgiving, gentle soul,
Thy name I will not tell;
You loved, as others yet may love,
"Not wisely—but too well."

And who will say that her dear soul
Dwells not now in Heaven.
A cruel world might on her frown,
But Christ would have forgiven.

Oh! that our lives were more like His,
More tender, true and kind,
For they who pity freely give,
Will mercy surely find.

KING ALCOHOL'S CAPTIVE.

We saw him a babe on his fond mother's breast,
For the gift of its love kind Heaven she blessed;
She thought him the sweetest, the loveliest child,
That ever drew breath on life's turbulent tide.

We have seen the bright boy in youth's happy day,
We have seen him in manhood when youth passed
away;
Proficient in learning, a lover of art,
The joy of his mother, the pride of her heart.

But evil companions once led him astray;
He entered the rum shop, restraint passed away,
He took his first drink, another, another,
Forgetting himself, his home and his mother.

The first social glass, to what did it tend?
Rejection of counsel from parent or friend.
He reveled in folly, dishonor and shame,
A drunkard, a drunkard, disgracing his name.

On, on, he kept going from bad unto worse,
Strong drink his misfortune, his bane and his curse;
Broken-hearted his mother had gone to her grave,
The last prayer on her lips that kind Heaven might save.

Save, save, and she whispered the name of her child,
He once was so loving, so tender and kind.
Dear Father, in mercy; oh, yet raise him up;
Don't leave him a slave to the soul damning cup.

Now homeless and friendless, despair in his eye,
He would beg for a drink, in pain he would cry:
"My vitals are burning, the end's drawing near;
Oh! give me some drink to extinguish this fear."

Ah! what a sad wreck of both body and mind,
With poverty, misery, drunkenness combined.
All efforts proved useless to rescue or save,
The drunkard now lies in a lone pauper's grave.

When nearing the verge of the dark rolling tide,
No watcher, no mourner, was near his bedside.
Oh, yes, there was one unseen, if no other,
Keeping watch over him, his own angel mother.

Although sad was his life and sad was its end,
We will trust that in God he still has a friend;
For we love to believe that all souls may aspire;
Purified, cleansed, even though as by fire.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Sleep on, dear babe, sweet be thy rest,
Life's journey lies before thee;
With sunshine may thy days be blest,
Nor clouds e'er gather o'er thee.

Oh! God watch o'er my darling babe,
Keep, oh, keep her by Thy side;
Dear Father, guide, protect and save,
Ever in Thee may she abide.

If in Thy wisdom Thou can'st see
She from virtue e'er should stray,
We pray Thee set her spirit free:
Take her from this world away.

Help me my duty to perform
To this charge which Thou hast given.
Oh! shield her from each threatening storm;
Guide her safe through life to Heaven.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A "Merry Christmas" one and all,
To you we would extend;
To old and young, to great and small,
Our greeting we would send.

Not in mere formal words we speak—
We mean just what we say!
We wish you, every one, this week,
A Merry Christmas Day.

"Joy to the world," shall echo loud
Through many an aisle to-day.
If, o'er one spirit rests a cloud,
Oh! may it pass away.

"The Lord is come," with rapture sing,
And open wide your breast
That He, may calmly enter in,
And be your Christmas guest.

And you, who can afford to give,
Have pity on the poor;
You little know how others live,
What hardships they endure.

The Lord may bless you more and more,
In many a pleasant way,
For sending to some humble door
A gift for Christmas Day.

Who giveth to the poor, you say,
But, lendeth to the Lord;
Then on this anniversary day,
Oh! take Him at His Word.

Some friendships formed, may have grown cold,
Renew them on this day;
Remember, we are even told,
For enemies to pray.

Some, dearly loved, have passed away,
We'll meet them here no more,
But, we shall meet some other day
Upon a fairer shore.

A Merry Christmas, one and all,
To you we would extend:
To rich and poor, to great and small,
Our greeting we would send.

WHEN TWO FOND HEARTS CAN BEAT.

The man's a fool who wastes his love
  Upon a cold, unfeeling heart;
By all the gods, including Jove,
  She'll some time give him cause to smart.

And she's unwise whoe'er she be,
  Who loves a mean, exacting knave;
'Twere better to be always free
  Than be a cruel husband's slave.

When two fond hearts can beat as one
  In pure, sincere and holy love;
No word of discord e'er can come
  Through Heaven they go to Heaven above.

Such happy unions we do know,
  Would make a paradise of earth;
For God would walk with man below,
  And children be of Heavenly birth.

NOBODY REALLY CARES.

To Adelaide.

Ah! do not breathe those words of sadness,
Give not way to doleful fears,
I fain would fill thy life with gladness,
I, indeed, am one who cares.
When gloomy thoughts steal o'er thee, dear,
And thy feelings downward tend,
O, may this truth thy spirit cheer:
Adelaide, I am thy friend.

Let us bear our trials lightly,
Brood not o'er them overmuch.
If we hug our crosses tightly
They, our very soul will crush.
Avoid the gloom and court the sunshine,
Let thy voice in laughter ring.
Life after all hath goodness in it,
Sip the sweetness it may bring.

It is not fashion, pomp or wealth,
That can yield the purest joy;
Intelligence and modest worth
Outweighs by far each gilded toy.
This nobler fortune you possess,
Beyond the measure of thy years.
Thy future days may Heaven bless.
I am one who really cares.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

There's poetry in winning ways,
In every soft and tender tone;
There's poetry in simple lays;
There's poetry in love of home.

There's poetry in rippling brooks,
And in the ocean wild and wide;
There's poetry in loving looks,
When those we love are by our side.

It's in the soft, low whispering breeze,
And in the tempest's fearful roar,
That rends to shred the giant trees,
And dashes wild waves to the shore.

There's poetry in every flower
Dispensing fragrance on the air;
And in the calm, still twilight's hour
When Nature seems in silent prayer.

We hear it in the whispering pine,
We hear it on the mountain's crest;
It's in each tree, each shrub and vine—
And shady bush, where birdlings nest.

It's in the feathered songster's notes—
In every tender, sweet refrain;
Imposingly serene it floats,
O'er dewy meads and waving grain.

All nature is one varied poem,
Mysterious though the lines may seem;
Throughout the universal dome,
The writings of a God are seen.

THE LONG AGO.

I'm living to-night in the long ago,
In the home of my earlier days;
I see loved forms pass to and fro,
And I note their pleasant ways.

To distant shores, we have drifted apart,
And some have reached that happier home;
But all still live in this fond heart,
Though in distant lands we roam.

The rocks, the hills, the trees, and babbling brooks;
The pastures, clad in emerald green;
The fragrant flowers and shady nooks;
All by me to-night are seen.

And, oh, what changes! fleeting time has brought
Days of joy and some of bitter woe,
But days that ne'er can be forgot,
Are the days of long ago.

I'm living to-night in the long ago,
And oh what tender memories throng,
That other hearts can never know,
That I cannot breathe in song.

The sparkling, lovelit eyes that shone so bright,
The rapturous joy, the fond embrace,
Ne'er, ne'er can fade from memory's sight,
Nor eternity efface.

I'm living to-night in the long ago,
In the home of my earlier days;
I see loved forms pass to and fro,
And I note their pleasant ways.

OUR LOVED.

The forms and scenes of other days
Before our vision rise,
Tho' fate, with a relentless hand,
Hath rent the dearest ties;
But whether sleeping in the tomb,
Or roaming earth at will,
The memory of bygone days
Will linger with us still.

Our loved we hope to meet again
On Heaven's tranquil shore,
When earthly cares have passed away,
When parting is no more.
No blasted hopes, no bleeding hearts,
No weary, tear-dimmed eyes,
No vows are broken in that land,
And friendship never dies.

DECEPTION.

Say! Have you ever loved a friend,
Then found that friend deceitful;
Who with some truth a fib would blend
Just when considered needful?

To draw a veil down o'er your eyes,
And think it done so clever,
As though you really were not wise,
Such friends have you had ever?

And, oh! how sickening to the heart
Deception is, in one we love;
A lessening faith, a lingering smart,
Still, affection loth to rove.

When confidence is shaken once,
(And, little things may do it!)
It never will return perchance,
And some one's left to rue it.

What weight of misery and woe
Deception to a life may bring,
And oft 'midst glitter, pomp and show;
Ah! there lurks the evil thing.

Accursed deception in the breast
Brings to conscience naught but pain,
Dress, mirth and laughter, do your best,
Sense of guilt will still remain.

DREAM LAND.

We were dreaming last night of the years that are past,
Of the days of our childhood, too joyous to last,
Of the hours we gamboled in innocent glee,
When the heart was as pure as the zephyrs were free.

In our dream we explored each corner and nook,
Where our footsteps oft wandered with playmates in youth,
All dear to our memory till life's latest day,
Though the eye may grow dim and the spirit less gay.

We were dreaming last night, or was it a dream?—
We were back 'mid the scenes of our childhood again,
We were in the old house with the loved ones of yore,
And they sang the same songs that we oft heard before.

The scenes of our childhood, let us go where we will,
We will ever remember and cherish them still;
Though our form be bowed with the burden of years,
We shall always look back to that home through our tears.

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

I'd breathe my thoughts to thee, dear friend,
In accents soft and low;
We know thy anguish and thy pain,
Thy weight of human woe;
Thy trials they have been severe,
Thy heart with pain's been riven,
But oh there comes a brighter day,
You'll meet your loved in Heaven.

Angel friends who have sustained thee,
Purest sympathy will lend,
They will cheer, protect and guide thee,
Safe, dear sister, to the end.
The author of these lines, believe me,
Would his sympathy impart,
To know is to esteem thee highly,
With thy wealth of love and heart.

O, brood not o'er the trials past,
  Nor mourn the joy that's flown,
Look forward! let thine eyes be cast
  Where sorrows never come!
When we have reached yon peaceful shore,
  Forever free from pain,
Perhaps the trials we've endured,
  May prove our lasting gain.

When our earthly life has ended,
  When we reach the golden strand,
When our spirits have ascended
  To the glorious Summer Land,
Though thy face or form I know not
  From the rest of that vast throng,
Yet methinks that I will know thee
  By the sweetness of thy song.

DRIFTING APART.

We're drifting silently apart,
Tho' oft we dreamed our souls were one,
Fond memories lingering in each heart,
Of joys that are forever gone.

Each drifting steadily away,
Yet looking back with wistful eyes,
Still praying fate our course to stay,
And loth to sever love's sweet ties.

Drifting o'er life's boist'rous main,
Dear visions of the past will rise,
As memory wafts us back again
With aching hearts and tear-dimm'd eyes.

Without a compass or a sail,
Drifting to some distant shore,
The sobs of every passing gale
Remind us of the days of yore.

Tho' we are drifting far apart,
No word of mine shall cause her pain,
Alas! she claims from me her heart—
That heart that is without a stain.

Another now may claim her hand,
Possessed of more abundant store,
Where'er my barque may drift or strand,
May she be happy evermore.

MAID OF THE SOUTH.

Thou charming maid with form erect,
A listening ear we pray incline.
We greet thee with profound respect,
For dignity and grace combine
To claim thee as their lawful prize,
And gaze from out thy radiant eyes.

Heaven shine brightly on thy way,
Nor stormy clouds the sky o'ercast;
Sweet joy be thine from day to day,
Exempt from every chilling blast.
May friends prove loyal, true and just,
Who would betray, be they accursed.

Maid of the South, thy form and face
As moulded by a hand Divine,
Proclaim thee of a noble race,
Where love and valor both combine.
Let North and South go hand in hand;
Our heritage, one glorious land.

OUR DEAD FRIEND AND BROTHER.

He had his faults, his virtues too;
All make mistakes, we must confess;
For man to err is nothing new,
O! that our own mistakes were less.

With no pretense to righteousness,
Unselfish almost to a fault,
If those he loved, he could but bless,
For self he rarely gave a thought.

The friendless he did oft befriend,
He had a kind and loving heart;
And all who knew him mourn his end.
'Tis hard from such an one to part.

Now he has reached a happier sphere,
With other loved ones gone before;
And this thought our hearts should cheer,
We'll meet him on a fairer shore.

If he was ever used unkind,
By foe or by pretended friend,
In spirit-life, he'll surely find,
All sorrow hath a final end.

The smallest slight, by word or deed,
Would pierce him to the very core;
His heart so sensitive would bleed;
But that kind heart shall ache no more.

We know he's better off to-day;
And while affection drops a tear,
For that dear form, now laid away,
His spirit may be very near.

Throughout our few remaining years,
We'll miss his dear familiar voice;
He had his hopes, his doubts, his fears;
But now he lives, where souls rejoice.

"His human frailties?" Away!
Be they expunged from out our mind!
The best will sometimes go astray,
But God is love, and love is kind.

IN MEMORY OF AN ACCOMPLISHED AND DEAR FRIEND.

The earth body she wore, she has laid it aside,
But she's living on, where angels abide;
Free from earth's discord, its turmoil and strife,
A beautiful soul, in sweet spirit life.

In speaking her praise our words must be few,
For, naught we could say can justice half do
To a mind so brilliant, so gentle, yet strong
In defending the right—or opposing the wrong.

Learned and cultured, proficient in art,
On the stage of this life she has acted her part;
The curtain has dropped, the singer is gone,
In a suunier clime she may revel in song.

Methinks 'mid the angels, on Heaven's fair shore,
Her melodious voice will resound as of yore,
In its height and its depth, with a pathos its own,
Which thrilled human hearts with its soul stirring tone.

O, kind-hearted friend, to memory dear,
We pray thee come often; with others draw near.
May we oft feel your presence, where'er we may roam,
And greet us at last to your sweet spirit home.

Where the good and the true, harmoniously blend;
Where no troubles arise, with which to contend;
Where the soul may partake of pure joy evermore,
In the home over there on that beautiful shore.

We would say to the loved ones remaining behind,
In the angel called Death a friend we shall find
That will usher us into her presence, some day,
In her bright spirit home just over the way.

There eyes ne'er grow dim and feet ne'er grow weary,
And sorrows ne'er come to render life dreary;
The afflicted and weary and worn find rest,
In God's summer land, the home of the blest.

CONFIDING FAITH.

My mortal mind shall not hold sway!
O, Mind Divine, come in,
Guide, control this human clay,
And keep it free from sin.

Truth and love bring sweet content,
Wherever we may be,
And faith, with supplication blent,
Removes in harmony.

Dear Father God, as 'tis Thy will
That all may find in Thee
A perfect cure for every ill,
Heal my infirmity.

Restore me, Lord! Thou hast the pow'r
To set the captive free;
I trust Thy word; from hour to hour
I'll lean alone on Thee.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Dear Friend:

On this, thy fortieth birthday,
We come to wish thee joy,
May choicest blessings strew thy way,
And peace without alloy.

As wife, as mother, and as friend,
Thou has been kind and true;
This day our hearts in one we blend,
To give thee praise, thy due.

May peace and joy be ever thine,
As years go rolling by,
Until we meet on hights sublime,
Beyond the starry sky.

The anniversary of thy birth,
Oh, may it oft return,
Still finding thee in joy and health,
Each anniversary morn.

True friendships never know decay,
Forget not days of yore;
And e'en the dear ones passed away,
Still love us more and more.

And on this somber autumn day,
Though birds have ceased their song;
We're glad to find thee blithe and gay,
As friends around thee throng.

GEN. U. S. GRANT.

(Died July 23, 1885.)

Our measured lines all fail us,
Our simple verse is far too tame,
The historian's pen must aid us
To tell of him who carved his name
Now highest on the lofty pinnacle of fame.

His glorious deeds extol him
Beyond what language can express;
And Posterity shall claim him
The Nation's proud inheritance,
Loving husband, parent, friend and warrior dauntless.

Foeman, brave as ever trod
Upon the crimson battlefield,
He conquered like a very god.
They to his genius had to yield;
No stouter, braver heart e'er sat on prancing steed.

Now he sleeps the sleep of death;
The cannon's loud and deafening roar,
The trumpet's wild and piercing breath,
Can never, never, wake him more;
His soul has passed from earth away to some fair shore.

Sleep, sleep, brave warrior, sleep;
Be undisturbed thy silent bed;
A nation o'er thy tomb shall weep,
And tears of gratitude will shed.
Sleep on, thy country's safe. Now rest thy weary head.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

As wandering alone on a far-distant shore,
Far away from our dear native land,
We think of the loved ones we ne'er shall see more—
The once happy, but now broken band—

Fond memories cluster 'round mountain and dell,
Where we wandered with dear ones of yore,
And tender emotions our bosom still swell,
For the days that are gone evermore.

Through tears we look back to the joys that have flown,
With the dear ones we often caressed,
Who slumber to-day in the calm, silent tomb,
Where their hearts are forever at rest

Wher'er o'er the earth we are fated to roam,
Whatsoever our fortunes may be,
We ne'er shall forget the dear face at home,
Nor the loved ones who crossed o'er life's sea.

False hearts and false lips they may seek to beguile,
Ah! we know the deceit of the two;
But yet in our soul there is living the while,
A pure love for the tried and the true.

To the land of our birth, or friends of our youth,
If disloyal we e'er shall be found,
Be palsied our tongue, let our lips become mute,
If by honor we cease to be bound.

CREMATION.

Some say it is most barbarous,
While some declare 'tis not;
And as for me, I must confess,
I rather like the thought.
Reduce remains to ashes clean,
'Tis less revolting, told,
Than are the changes, though unseen,
Decaying into mould.

I'd sooner have my ashes strewn
Where lovely flowers have birth,
And be transformed into their bloom
Than moulder in the earth—
To be perchance exhumed some day,
As sometimes is the case,
Old graveyards, when they're in the way,
To something else give place.

Give me the fragrance of the rose,
And not the mildew rank;
Then let my ashes find repose
Upon some flow'ry bank—
From whence no pestilence can come
To injure others here,

And 'neath the summer's radiant sun
No microbes will appear.

Though superstition cries out, no!
And hugs the dark old past
With prejudice—progression's foe—
The world will see at last
Cremation is the better way
Of bodies to dispose;
'Twill grow in favor day by day,
As man in knowledge grows.

EPITAPH.

Here in this peaceful, silent bed,
Dear one, rest thy weary head;
Ere long we'll meet on that bright shore
Where pain and parting come no more;
We'll see thy face and clasp thy hand
In God's eternal summer land.

BELOVED.

(Composed by request for a bride to present to her husband.)

As we were floating down life's stream,
That stream which flows on, ever;
A zephyr came from Heaven, I ween,
Bringing our barques together.

Oh! it was something more than chance,
Drew me to thy manly side—
That brought me 'neath thy tender glance,
Making me thine own—thy bride.

Yes! I am thine, and thou art mine,
My own—my dearest treasure;
While sailing down the stream of time,
May we be parted—Never.

Beloved husband, kind and true,
As we journey on through life,
May every day bring blessings new,
Is the prayer of thy fond wife.

DOES THERE LINGER A THOUGHT?

Oh, still in thy breast does there linger a thought,
Or fond recollection of days that are gone?
When the love of the soul from thine eyes beamed forth,
And words from thy lips fell impassioned and strong?

Are the vows thou hast made unbroken, each one
Still enduring the strain of trials and years?
Or deemed as but follies which you have outgrown,
Unworthy alike of reflection or tears?

Does another allure or fondly caress thee?
Then think of the one whom you vowed to adore;
And this prayer from the heart, that Heaven may bless thee,
Oh, give me a thought, a thought if no more.

When all disappointments and sorrows are ending,
When nearing the harbor just over life's sea,
The last prayer from my lips to Heaven ascending,
Shall still be for thee, it shall still be for thee.

THE PRODIGAL LOVER.

As the wanderer far from home
Oft longs to see his native land,
So back to thee again I come
To offer thee my heart and hand.

Like one who lives on choicest fruit
Yet seeing more he thinks as fair,
He plucks and eats—ah; sad mistake;
Nought, nought of happiness is there.

Thus with a wiser, sadder heart,
Back, back to thee, my love, I come;
From thee I ne'er again will part
If in thy soul I still find room.

Not one we've seen would we compare,
According to our mind with thee.
Possessor thou, of charms most rare,
Oh! take me back if thou art free.

ANSWER.

Come back, come back, for I am thine,
Though you have been so cold,
Come back, come back, again be mine
As in the days of old.

Though thou hast wandered from a heart
That would have died for thee,
Its love for you has ne'er grown cold,
Oh! yes, come back to me.

TO A LITERARY CLUB.

Each time, my friends, with you I meet,
  There are attractions new,
Helping to make life more complete,
  Promoting culture, too.

By essay and by soul-inspiring song;
  With such readings as befit;
And then the merry laugh comes on
  With our critic's flowing wit.

If we remain united, bound
  By friendship's social ties,
In coming years we may be found
  With heart and head more wise.

True culture plays a noble part,
  It elevates the soul,
Imparts a tenderness of heart,
  And gives us self-control.

May we be bound still more and more
  By friendship's sacred ties,
And when our meetings here are o'er
  We'll meet beyond the skies.

BELIEVE ME.

Inspiring words and pleasant ways
Form of your life a part;
And words of mine but feebly praise
Your wealth of head and heart.

My Friend, you are so good and kind—
Your gentle actions show it—
I would indeed be more than blind
Did I not feel and know it.

In sweet devotion's sacred hour,
When bowed before the throne;
You'll feel that soul-uplifting power,
You'll know you're not alone.

And messengers of love, I ween,
Will guide you to that shore
Where pastures are forever green
And sorrows come no more.

Believe me, I am most sincere,
I mean just what I say;
May roses strew your pathway here,
And angels lead the way.

LOVE.

There's a counterfeit love, and, although it's not new,
It's mistaken too oft for the good and the true.
In the time of misfortune it's sure to grow cold,
And the hopes it has blasted can never be told.

Yet Heaven be praised, all love is not sham,
For there is a love that is worthy the name;
But if love you expect without some little flaw,
You might just as well look for a needle in straw.

Of mother's pure love an exception we make,
For hers is a love no misfortune can shake;
Save the love of our Father who reigneth above,
There is none quite so pure as a dear mother's love.

Next, the love of a wife—it may burn like a flame.
We have seen it endure degradation and shame;
By continued neglect that flame may subside,
But the true mother-love will always abide.

And a kind father's love will yet remain strong,
Should his child even err, go astray and do wrong;
A lover's, a brother's, e'en a sister's may wane,
But the true mother-love is always the same.

The same for her daughter, the same for her boy;
In sickness or health, in sorrow or joy.
The truest affection in her you will find,
Where patience, forbearance and love are combined.

And yet there are children, it's painful to tell,
Who regard not their parents, that love them so well,
But though Justice be slow, still it's sure in its pay,
And just as we sow, we shall gather some day.

If true filial affection we e'er cast aside,
It were better if we had in infancy died,
If we love not our parents, we do not love God,
We are under the scourge of His chastening rod.

And oh! if His chastenings bring us not back
To a sense of our duty, a curse on our track
As close as our shadow, shall stand by our side,
So no permanent peace in our heart can abide.

God pity the parent, God pity the child,
With mind so degraded, with heart so defiled,
That no fond recollection of days that are gone,
Of home or of mother on memory throng.

To all who may seek it, will Heaven impart
The ineffable wealth of a kind loving heart;
By loving our own, by loving mankind,
And loving the Lord, the wealth we may find.

I'VE SEEN HER

As o'er the past my memory floats,
I hear the soft, harmonious notes
Of one I used to know full well
The story of her life I'll tell.

I've seen her on her mother's knee,
Prattling in her infancy,
A child of wealth and honored name,
Of ancestry without a stain.

I've seen her entering on her teens,
Playing amid dear childhood's scenes,
And as she reached her youthful prime,
She seemed less human than divine.

I've seen her fairest 'midst the fair,
Diamonds glistening in her hair;
Learned, cultured, loving art;
Prepared in life to take her part.

But ah! the tempter came that way,
And led sweet innocence astray,
He lured her, in an evil hour
She fell a victim to his power.

The man or wretch who bears the name,
Forsook her in her grief and shame;
Then pain and anguish took the place
Of beauty on that sweet, sad face.

Grief soon performed its fatal part,
It crushed, it shattered her poor heart
She passed away from earth's cold scorn,
Herself a tomb for the unborn.

I've seen her laid beneath the sod,
Her soul, we trust, at peace with God;
Her cold white hands clasped o'er her breast,
Picture of calm repose and rest.

Her parents still are bowed with grief,
Naught, naught can give their souls relief
They mourn her loss from day to day,
But most they mourn, she went astray.

Oh! heartless wretch, who caused this woe,
Where from God's vengeance canst thou go?
As there's a conscience in thy breast,
The grave itself can't give thee rest.

THE TATTLING TONGUE.

That cruel thing—the tattling tongue,
Caused many a heart to mourn;
By busy, meddling, tattling tongues
Are seeds of discord sown,
Which culminate in bitter strife,
Destroying happy lives;
Pretending friends with tattling tongues
Oft rend the dearest ties.

When hearts have once sincerely loved,
They never can forget
The vows, the promises they made,
Or what their souls have felt
Of rapturous joy and Heavenly bliss,
When lips to lips were pressed;
Those moments they will ne'er forget,
E'en though they try their best.

Sometimes a coolness will arise,
And lives be drawn apart;
All by some busy tattler's tongue
With venom poisoned dart;
And yet, behind each painful doubt
Awakened in the breast,

The memory of happier days
Will be a lingering guest.

Sad years roll by; fond hopes are rent
With pain and sorrow deep;
While hearts that used to beat as one,
Apart in silence weep;
What desolation has been wrought,
What suffering and wrong,
All by the foe in friendship's guise,
With busy, tattling tongue.

E'en some in holy wedlock bound
Are given cause to mourn,
By busy, meddling, tattling tongues
Are seeds of discord sown,
Which culminate in bitter strife,
Destroying happy lives;
Pretending friends with tattling tongues
Oft rend the dearest ties.

THE RELEASE.

You ask of me to give thee up,
And hope I will not be offended,
You proffered me a bitter cup;
I drank, 'tis ended.

How swiftly did the moments fly,
When hand in hand we sat together.
Am I compelled to say good-bye?
Good-bye forever?

Some thoughts of me will still remain,
That you can never, never smother,
And have I loved thee all in vain?
Is there another?

Another more loved by thee,
And is her heart as true and tender
As hers from whom you would be free?
Thee I surrender.

If love for me has quit thy breast,
If truth and honor all have left thee,
Then broken vows will suit thee best;
I live without thee.

What you have done you yet will rue,
I do not wish thee pain or sorrow,
But it will surely come to you,
Some coming morrow.

MY ABSENT FRIEND.

I'm thinking of my friend to-day,
And of the time when first we met;
Though rolling years shall pass away,
I'll ne'er forget.

How, sailing down Life's river
An eddy in the flowing tide
Caused our barques to come together
Side by side.

For a while, and then to sever.
Alas, too soon we had to part,
But fond memories linger ever
In the heart.

I'm lonely since apart we've been,
And oft I long for thee again;
I seek thee in each changing scene,
But in vain.

Yet most sincerely do I pray
Some friendly turn of wind or tide
May bring our barques once more, some day,
Side by side.

But we will surely meet again!
Where troubled waters all subside,
Where partings ne'er will bring us pain,
Where joys abide.

INGRATITUDE.

Of all the mean things in this life
Which we should most elude,
By far the meanest of them all,
Is base ingratitude.

If you have helped a friend in need,
As everybody should,
It chills the heart them to receive
For pay—ingratitude.

A man may have some debts unpaid
Who'd pay them if he could.
A thing like this we might forgive,
But not ingratitude.

The greatest curse that man has known.
Let it be understood,
To all it can be plainly shown,
It is—ingratitude.

The meanest thing upon this earth,
Possessing least of good,
Is the animal called man,
When void of gratitude.

When asking favors from your hand,
His voice will be subdued,
But when he has attained his end,
He has no gratitude;

No gratitude to God nor man,
For shelter, clothes or food,
No thankfulness for favors shown,
Naught but ingratitude.

There are such men, we know full well,
Could name some if we would,
Too mean to live, too mean to die—
Full of ingratitude.

THE LITTLE NAMELESS GRAVE.

Wandering through a churchyard 'lone
One summer's balmy eve,
We came upon a little mound,
A little nameless grave.
Yet it bore signs of tender care,
The grass was trimmed and clean,
Ah! someone's darling's resting here,
Beneath this mound so green.

We thought us of the little shoes,
By someone laid away,
With trinkets, dolls and little toys,
With which it loved to play;
And of a precious lock of hair,
Cut from the pale, cold brow,
And of the question oft self-asked,
"Oh! where is baby now?"

And of the little feet and hands,
So busy all day long,
And of the little prattling tongue,
Singing its infant song.
And as we gazed in pensive thought,
We scarce could leave the spot,

A little rose bush on the grave,
Said, "Baby's not forgot."

And ere we turned our steps away,
There came a woman frail,
With flowers in her trembling hand,
And told us this sad tale:
"Just fifty years ago," she said,
"I was a gay young bride,
Just forty-six, to-day, dear sir!
My little Jennie died.

"Her father, too, in battle's strife,
Died long, long years ago,
I ne'er could find his resting place,
But, oh! I'd like to know.
Through all those years of toil and pain,
Of conflict and of strife,
I ne'er one moment ceased to be
His own, his own fond wife.

"See, yonder stands the dear old church
Where he and I were wed,
Oh! those were happy, happy days—
Alas! how soon they fled!
And there's the same familiar door,
We entered side by side,
On Sabbath mornings long ago,
When I was his young bride.

"Through these long years this little grave,
I've watched with jealous care;
Though Jennie's with her father brave,
Her spirit lies not here.
Now I am old and feeble grown,
I'll soon be 'neath the sod—
I am waiting, only waiting,
The summons of our God."

The flowers with her thin, pale hands
She placed upon the grave,
And said as tears ran down her cheeks,
"God's taken all He gave!
My comforts in this life are few,
I will not need them long,
For soon in Heaven I shall meet
My Jennie and my John."

THE OLD HOME.

How well we remember the days of our childhood!
Though the spring time of life forever has gone,
We ne'er can forget the old home by the wildwood,
Where echo resounded the whip-poor-will's song.

Where now are the dear ones who gathered in there
At the close of the day, when shadows grew long?
And O! where is the mother who taught us to pray?
Who lulled us to sleep with her sweet voice in song?

They've gone to their rest, they reached it before us;
Kind nature spreads o'er them her mantle of green;
This boon we will ask, may their spirits watch o'er us,
And be by our side when we wake from life's dream.

Oft in our dreaming we hear those dear voices,
And drink in the sound of sweet melodies' strain.
Oh, with what rapture our spirit rejoices,
We're back in the home of our childhood again.

Away in the depths of our soul, there's a chamber
Held sacred by memory to all that is dear.
Its door is ne'er open to flattering stranger,
But is ever ajar when true hearts are near.

We ne'er can forget the scenes of our childhood,
We ne'er can forget the loved who are gone;
We ne'er can forget the home by the wildwood,
Where echo resounded the whip-poor-will's song.

IN MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW.

His mind was broad his learning vast,
He was free from slavish fear;
His intellect was unsurpassed,
And his thoughts like crystals clear.

In life he played no trivial part,
Of him it may be truly said,
The labor of his head and heart
Lustre on his name hath shed.

With sweetest dignity and grace,
Nature did his soul endow,
While sympathy for all his race
Beamed upon his classic brow.

Though our great loss is his reward,
Loving hearts will miss him sore,
As those were missed, by him adored,
In the happy days of yore.

He knew full well what sorrow meant,
He drank deep the cup of pain,
When those dear lives from his were rent,
Ne'er on earth to meet again.

To him the thought was ever dear,
True affection never dies,
Those whom he loved sincerely here
He hoped to meet beyond the skies.

Throughout his verse how plain we see,
Shining in each thought sublime,
A golden thread of purity
Running through each word and line.

Well may Columbia boast of thee,
Sweetest poet of our time,
Our souls o'erflow with ecstacy
In the beauty of thy rhyme.

Though years may come and bear away
Names in the forgotten past,
Linked with thy fame thy name will stay
Long as time itself shall last.

"BLIND."*

*Written years before the death of the author's wife.

Oh! can it be I'm blind for life?
No more shall gaze on friends or wife?
Or beauteous nature all around,
Where loveliness doth so abound?

Ah, yes, 'tis so. I bow my head!
I'm blind till numbered with the dead,
Until released from earthly strife,
A spirit free, in spirit life.

It cheers me, though, to think the day
May not be very far away,
When I shall join those gone before,
And see the light of Heaven once more.

What now to me seems dark and drear,
In coming years may yet be clear.
Quicken, oh God, my inner sight!
Help me see Thy ways are right!

We hope to reach a world of bliss,
When taken from the ills of this;
Where the sorrowing, poor and blind,
A refuge from their woe shall find.

Friends of the past, ye tried and true,
I dedicate these lines to you;
Though scattered far and wide apart,
Ye cluster still around my heart.

1815. 1894.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

November 20th, 1894.

Dear Brother:

Back o'er life's road our eyes we cast,
The milestones are receding fast,
Your seventy-ninth you've reached to-day,
The flight of time we cannot stay;
Now entering on your eightieth year,
O, be of right good royal cheer,
For sure as Heaven is bending o'er us,
The best of life is yet before us.

Where'er may be our destined lot,
We cannot be where God is not—
And when our sojourn here is o'er
We'll meet the dearly loved of yore,
And mingle with a glorious throng
And join their anthems loud and long,
Rendering praise to God above,
For His unchanging, boundless love.

Oh! boundless love, how vast the thought!
It surely cannot be for naught!
Methinks, in this or any world,
Poor sin sick souls may seek the Lord,
That all the good shall work on still,
Obedient to the Father's will,
Till every wayward, erring child
To God, through Christ, is reconciled.

To muse on by-gone years well spent,
Must bring your soul a sweet content,
O, that the world had more like you!
As noble, tender, kind and true;
May Heaven prolong your useful life,
With blessings on yourself and wife,
Your fond companion, to the end,
Your truest, best and dearest friend.

Some day, on yonder peaceful shore,
And where estrangements come no more,
O, may we meet and hand in hand,
Roam o'er the plains in spirit land,
Forever free from pain and strife,
Eternal youth with endless life;
From those we love no more to sever,
Progressing onward, upward ever.

Time in his flight we should not stay,
E'en if we could the power display,
For as the moments swiftly fly,
We're nearing the sweet by and by,
While memories linger in the years
That brought us joy as well as tears,
But sure as Heaven is bending o'er us,
A better life is yet before us.

GOOD-BYE, OLD LAND MARK.

(Lines on the tearing down of the First Presbyterian Church, northwest corner of Gratiot avenue and Farmer street, Detroit, Mich., March, 1890.)

Good-bye, old land mark, fare you well,
You are numbered with the past,
And you remind us all full well,
Nothing in this world can last.

Scenes of joy and scenes of sadness,
House of God and sacred prayer,
Souls here tasted hope and gladness,
We now behold thee disappear.

Here fond hearts their troth have plighted,
In the holy marriage vow,
In love and tenderness united—
Where are many of them now?

How many from thy sacred portals,
Have been laid away to rest,
Reminding us we are but mortals,
Only transients here, at best.

Here the bread of life was broken,
To the waiting throng for years;
And messages from Christ were spoken,
Causing penitential tears.

We'll miss the grand majestic spire,
Pointing heavenward night and day,
Towards that great seraphic choir,
Far beyond the milky way.

We'll miss the notes of thy sweet bell,
Calling to the house of prayer
All those who would their sorrows tell,
And seek a Father's tender care.

Good-bye, old land mark, fare you well!
You are numbered with the past!
But you remind us all full well,
Nothing in this world can last.

THANKSGIVING.

With grateful hearts we'd come to Thee,
O, thou All Potent Energy!
A song of thanks to Thee we'd sing,
Harvest has crowned the toil of spring,
And plenty reigns o'er all the land,
The gift of Thy benignant hand.

The gifts of nature all are Thine!
Accept our thanks, O God Divine;
For morning dew and evening rain,
For verdant fields and golden grain,
For countless blessings Thou hast given,
And for the hope at last—of Heaven.

Dear Lord, on this Thanksgiving Day,
May hate and anger pass away!
And as we hope for Thy sweet Heaven,
Forgive as we would be forgiven,
And strive to reach that peaceful shore,
Where jars and discord come no more.

This day our thanks we tender Thee!
From slavish passion set us free,
Insure the answer to our prayer,
By giving us a heart sincere;

Lord of the harvest's bounteous store,
We'll praise Thee, now and evermore.

Giver of blessings, all our days
Will not suffice to speak Thy praise!
Our inability's complete;
We bow in silence at Thy feet—
The heart by Thee is understood—
We mourn our past ingratitude.

GARFIELD.

(Shot July 2, 1881; Died Sept. 19, 1881.)

Garfield, so loved, has gone to rest;
His sufferings are o'er.
Now, he is where the true are blest;
Pain tortures him no more.
Seventy-nine sad, dreary days,
Enduring untold pain—
At last our Father called him home,
Where joys forever reign.

The Nation's heart with grief was riven,
And every cheek turned pale,
When o'er the land the tidings rang
On every passing gale,

That he whom we had chosen chief
Of this free, happy land,
Treacherously was stricken down
By an assassin's hand.

And in a few brief, weary hours,
Physicians said he'd die.
Then fifty million voices cried
To Him who rules on high:
"Oh! God of mercy, in Thy love
Let Garfield's life be spared."
Soon fifty million hearts rejoiced,
And hoped their prayer was heard.

Both North and South with grief are bowed;
Our tears together fall,
Commingling on Garfield's shroud,
The man beloved by all.
Though fervent prayer and human aid
Has been of no avail,
We must not lose our trust in God—
His love will never fail.

We bow before Omnipotence,
Thy will be done, oh, God;
Though mysterious are Thy ways,
Still, boundless is Thy love.

The stroke which gave us so much pain
  Has by some wondrous art
Linked all our lives in one vast chain
  Around the Nation's heart.

The bitterness of party strife,
  Thank Heaven, has no deep root;
The sufferings of our President
  Have yielded richest fruit.
From North and South, from East and West,
  Pure sympathy ran o'er,
Proving that in our heart of hearts
  We're one forevermore.

No faction in the land so mean,
  To perpetrate the deed;
None so regardless of our fame,
  Or of our country's need.
Then shame upon the puny mind,
  Who would lay aught of blame
To any other source on earth
  Than Guiteau's crazy brain.

LAND OF FREEDOM.

Dear Land of Freedom! From afar,
The world beholds thy rising star
With glorious luster shine,
Spreading its beams o'er all the earth,
To show where Freedom had its birth—
Thy mission is divine.

Be proud, Columbia, of thy birth,
Of Heaven born, in Heaven's strength
Thy banner keep unfurled;
May God defend thee by His might,
And always guide thee in the right,
A blessing to the world.

Each trusting, brave and honest heart
Who of thy life would form a part,
Before them place no bars—
From every land beneath the sun
We bid their toiling millions come,
Beneath the stripes and stars.

Come exile, wanderer, draw near!
No despot's power need'st thou fear,
We give to thee our hand!

Thrice welcome to our peaceful shore,
There's room, there's room for millions more
In this free, happy land.

But he who comes promoting strife,
Shall lose his freedom or his life,
That concord may prevail.
Go, malcontent, go from our shore!
For by our father's crimson gore,
Here Anarchy must fail!

FORSAKEN.

Can we tear from our breast the heart's dearest treasure,
When deep, deep into the soul its image has burned?
The depths of our anguish no plummet can measure,
When we find that our love has been silently spurned.

Neither music nor mirth that so pleases the throng,
Can e'er fill up the void that is left in this breast,
Can the bird of the woodland rejoice in its song,
When deprived of its mate it loved fondest and best?

Then, ah me! my sad soul shall still cling to the past,
For it never again can be joyous or gay,

If the love I so prized had continued to last,
Then life would have seemed but one bright summer day.

I'll try to forget that I ever have known thee,
Though the task will prove fruitless, futile and vain,
For, oh, in the depths of my soul I adore thee,
And though my idol is gone, fond memories remain.

Aye, memory is all I have left me to cherish
Of the joys that have flown nevermore to return,
The sunlight of hope from my soul has to perish
As, forsaken and lonely, in silence I mourn.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN.

The confidence man is a queer kind of joker—
A sort of genteel, respectable loafer;
Who lives on his wits, and plays many a caper
On poor simple souls who don't read the paper.

The confidence man is no fool, you must know,
Though you'll find him a villain wherever you go,
But the man in this age who don't read what is written,
Some day must expect by these frauds to be bitten.

The confidence man is so pleasing and kind,
Poor greeny is proud such a dear friend to find.
He tells him his troubles, his cares, and what's worse,
Lets the sharper find out the depth of his purse.

And they talk on together, becoming such friends
That poor greeny his money in confidence lends;
But soon he finds out he's played a sad caper,
You see he is verdant and don't read the paper.

Now, take this advice, you'll find me your friend,
And don't be so ready your money to lend
On checks or on drafts that are counterfeit trash;
If you do you'll ruin yourself with a crash.

If you e'er meet a chap whose mind is full bent
On getting your money, beware his intent,
And say, "My dear sir! I'll have none of your capers,
For you must remember I now read the papers."

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

As we gaze on the still cold face of the dead,
On the lifeless remains, the spirit has fled,
We feel to rejoice that her sufferings are o'er
And that now she's at rest on Heaven's bright shore.

She is free from earth's cares, its trials and strife;
She's free from the pain that embittered her life;
She roams Heaven's plains with the loved gone before,
And enjoys sweet repose on Heaven's bright shore.

Though short was her life, it was painful for years,
She often gave vent to her sorrow in tears;
But now she has peace and pure joy evermore,
In the land of the blest on Heaven's bright shore.

Her poor heart, so riven by anguish and pain,
Its throbbings are o'er, it will ne'er ache again;
Yet she will meet us when life's journey is o'er,
And greet us with welcome to Heaven's bright shore.

Dear Jennie, thy grave's in a lone quiet spot,
But the days that are past shall ne'er be forgot.
If angels can visit from Heaven's bright shore,
We pray thee, come often, come, come as of yore.

ANGEL EDNA.

To Mr. and Mrs. ————————

Mourn not, my friends, your loved one's gone
To mingle with the angel throng,
Escaped from earth with all its snares,
Its disappointments and its cares.

To dwell where none can ever stray,
And could you hear, methinks she'd say,
"Oh! dear ones, dry those weeping eyes,
Your child is now in Paradise."

You'll meet your daughter by and bye,
In fairer fields beyond the sky,
And clasp her to your heart again,
Your angel Edna, free from pain.

Mysterious are our Father's ways,
But to His name, Oh! still give praise.
He giveth His beloved rest,
And what He wills we know is best.

MY BARQUE IS ALMOST OVER.

Last words of a dear friend, a member of the G. A. R., before passing away.

His barque has crossed the shining river,
Has glided to the other side;
Where peace and joy abideth ever,
Beyond the silvery flowing tide.

Composed and calm, he crossed the river,
He did not fear to pass away;
All earth's dearest ties must sever,
Links are breaking day by day.

He has not gone from us forever,
He has only passed from sight;
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where there is no death, no night.

There is one lot awaiting all,
Sorrow comes to every heart,
The rich, and poor, the great and small,
With their dear ones have to part.

Oh, blessed hope, our loved we'll meet,
When we cross o'er the river;

Then happiness shall be complete,
Forever and forever.

Sweet hope was planted in the breast,
As a healing balm for pain,
With faith in God, it giveth rest,
And we do not hope in vain.

Our friend has crossed the shining river,
He has reached the other side,
Now peace and joy are his forever,
Beyond the silvery flowing tide.

Our words would fail to speak his praise,
Such as he, indeed! are few,
For he was just in all his ways,
Ever tender, kind and true.

* * * *

A soldier, in his country's need
It found him on the battle field;
His heart was brave—he proved it then.
The kindest, are the bravest men.

His country to his heart was dear,
In freedom's cause he knew no fear,
Yet, from the peaceful walks of life,
He entered into spirit life.

SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Bright spirits, from the summer land
They come our heart to cheer,
And lead us gently by the hand
Into a light more clear.

By messages of love they bring,
Those friends in days of yore,
We find our barque is anchoring
Close to yon peaceful shore.

We hear the rippling of the tide,
Upon the shining strand,
And feel no evil can betide
So near the spirit land.

Our loved are waiting on the shore,
All robed in spotless white;
To bid us welcome ever more,
Where there is no death, no night.

And when we meet in coming years,
In God's fair summer land,
Beyond this vale of sighs and tears,
We'll clasp each kindly hand.

TAKE BACK THE RING.

False one, here's the ring you gave,
Emblem once of love and trust,
Then I'd be your willing slave,
Now my feelings you have crushed.

Crushed with coldness and neglect,
Here's the ring, oh! take it back,
Nothing now to me is left,
All is lonely, drear and dark.

Think not though of my sad lot,
Think not of my grief or tears;
Let my memory be forgot
In the joy of coming years.

Take, oh, take this back again,
Emblem once of love and trust,
Forget you ever caused me pain,
Or this heart which thou hast crushed

You placed it on my finger,
And you loved me then I know,
For you were kind and tender;
Now, alas! it is not so.

Take, oh, take it back again,
  Forget each tender word you spoke;
Forget you ever caused me pain,
  Forget the vows you made and broke.

TEARS.

How varied are the tears we shed,
  While through this short life we roam;
Tears for the living and the dead,
  Tears for days forever gone.

If we could half the causes tell
  Of the tears which daily flow,
These lines might to a volume swell
  Of misery and woe.

Sometimes there drops a tear of joy;
  Ah! what floods are shed in pain,
When cruel fate bright hopes destroy,
  Nevermore to bloom again.

How sad the tears by mother shed
  O'er the silent, empty cot,
Where used to rest her darling's head,
  Now a vacant, lonely spot.

Fond parents' tears in language mute,
Praying Heaven to bless their child;
Perhaps a wayward, reckless youth,
Whose footsteps folly hath beguiled.

Then tears of disappointment, too,
Shed by many an aching heart,
When those most loved prove false, untrue,
Ah! it leaves a stinging smart.

Sweet tears of joy when loved ones blend
Tears of sorrow when we part—
Tears, the relief kind nature sends
To ease the o'erflowing heart.

We've seen the faithful bosom moved—
Tears of joy roll down the cheek,
When the heart was reassured,
It was loved for love's own sake.

Tears, sad tears, where falsehood wins
A guileless heart, pure as gold,
Then leads it into paths of sin,
Away, away from Virtue's fold.

Tears for the noblest, truest, best,
Who have left us here to mourn;
Tears for the dear ones oft caressed,
Now from our embraces torn.

The dearest friends on earth must part,
The strongest ties be riven,
Yet, though we mourn with bleeding heart,
Our hope is fixed on Heaven.

MUSINGS.

We hear a voice within us say,
"Oh, life is short; be good;
From all that's evil turn away,
And walk the better road.

"That leads to glory and true fame,
And joys that are sublime,
Oh, shun the road that leads to shame,
The dismal path of crime."

List to thy nobler manhood's voice,
'Twill lead thee not astray,
In after years you will rejoice
You chose the better way.

No matter what thy faith may be,
If thou believ'st it right,
'Tis thy prerogative, be free!
Truth will assert its might.

Live so thou can'st respect thyself,
  Be tender, true and brave,
Whilst to the weak imparting strength,
  Oh! pity passion's slave.

Keep truth, thy guiding star, in sight;
  Let it be understood
Thou art battling for the right,
  Defending all that's good.

When old-time dogmas fade away,
  With superstition's night,
When love in human hearts holds sway,
  For creeds men will not fight.

All will agree to disagree,
  Respect each other's thought,
The world will then be truly free,
  With richest blessings fraught.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A LADY FRIEND IN CALIFORNIA, BY MAIL.

This token of remembrance,
Sent from afar to me,
Its meaning we appreciate
With heartfelt sympathy.
One full blown rose with tender buds—
Sweet little baby flowers,
Reminding us of loved ones gone
To bloom in Eden's bowers.

In God's eternal summer land,
Beyond death's rolling tide,
Where flowers ne'er wither, droop or die,
We may some day abide.
When earthly ills and cares are passed,
With dear ones gone before—
O, may I meet my friend at last,
Where flowers bloom evermore.

ON ASCERTAINING THAT TWO LEAVES CONTAINING THREE SHORT POEMS WERE TORN FROM MY BOOK OF MSS.

Poor children of my brain, good-bye,
Since we've been doomed to part;
But may you yet a blessing prove
To some poor wretched heart.
It was unkind to bear you off
Without one single word,
To bury you, for aught we know,
Forever from the world.

Poor, unassuming little things,
Maybe we'll meet once more;
You'll bear, perhaps, another's name—
It happened once before.
The hand that tore you from your mates
Would never stop, 'tis true,
If opportunity but served
Far meaner things to do.

You unpretentious, simple lines,
And what did you contain
That any one could be so vile
Their hands with guilt to stain,

By stealing you away from me
To gratify some whim?
How dull the intellect must be
To do so mean a thing!

TO MAY.

They must feel blest who know you, May;
To judge from what good people say
You are a winning creature;
Endowed with comely form and face
And blest with every charm and grace,
The gift of Mother Nature.

The highest type which we can find
Of beauty fair is in the mind,
And by you possessed, I see.
As days roll by with coming years,
May you be free from sorrow's tears,
Is my prayer, sweet girl, for thee.

Some letters you have written, May—
Read by friends for me to-day—
Show the nature of thy heart.
Instinctively, I am inclined
To think a girl with such a mind
In life will play a noble part.

MOTHER.

No name in all this world so sweet
As "mother," to a feeling heart;
Not one in all this world we'll meet
Can take her place nor act her part.

How holy, and how true her love,
No word of ours can half express;
Were'er, o'er land or sea we rove,
We'll miss a mother's fond caress.

As tender memories o'er us steal,
Bringing us back to childhood's day,
Again by mother's side we kneel,
Again she's teaching us to pray.

'Tis sweet to linger in the past,
To live our childhood o'er again;
But, ah, these fancies cannot last,
We find it's but a waking dream.

Oh, how ungrateful is the heart
That mother's memory cannot move,
Who acts a cold, unfeeling part
And has no depth of filial love.

A selfish and unfeeling child
Will be a false and faithless friend;
Be not by such a one beguiled—
You cannot trust them to the end.

Show us a son or daughter fair
That give not parents due respect,
And we will show you then and there
One who of goodness is bereft.

The true, the brave, the noble heart
Will ne'er forget a mother's love;
And though in life they're forced to part,
With joy they'll meet in Heaven above.

How happy is the child who lives
By mother's loving heart refined;
Who unto her with kind heart gives
Devotion of the purest kind.

THE INWARD VOICE.

We at best are erring creatures—
  And, alas! how oft we stray,
Making many sad departures
  From the straight, the narrow way.

Oft resolving to be better,
  And in purity abide,
But temptation's clanging fetter
  Drags us from our Father's side.

Nobler self still struggling in us,
  If we heed the warning Voice
Nature hath implanted in us,
  Wisdom's ways shall be our choice.

Trust the Voice! It guideth mortals
  Over every dangerous way,
Safe through life to Heaven's portals
  Up to realms of endless day.

Voice of God, in whispers ever,
  Saying, "Child, give Me thy heart
Without stint and without measure,
  Of My life be thou a part."

Still small Voice remain, restrain us
When our wandering feet would stray;
In the trying hour sustain us,
Be our staff, our strength, our stay

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day again has come
With mirth and joy to many a home;
While other homes have vacant chairs,
And render thanks in silent tears.

Thanksgiving Day again has come,
With memories of home, sweet home;
When the world seemed bright and gay
O, that all hearts were glad to-day.

Thanksgiving Day again has come,
Some absent now have reached that home,
Forever free from pain and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

With thankful hearts let all give praise
For fruitful fields and harvest days;
And you who have abundant store,
O, help the needy, help the poor.

For minds illumined by reason's light,
For all who dare to do the right,
For growing faith in humane laws,
We thank Thee, O Thou great First Cause.

YOU'VE NOT BEEN TRUE.

I know your heart has not been true,
I've realized it well,
Since every tender vow you've made—
You broke, and rent the spell
That made of me your truest friend—
And you have owned my power
To shield you with affection strong
In every trying hour.

Though other lips with flattering words
Have turned your head and heart,
Think you, a fonder love than mine
They ever will impart?
Then go your way; alas! I feel
I'm nothing now to you;
And yet I trust that coming years
May find your life more true.

When Time carves furrows on your cheek,
And dim becomes your sight,
Sitting amidst Life's withered leaves
You'll ask if you've done right.
May God forgive us our mistakes—
The best have cause to mourn
For misspent moments in their lives
That never will return.

Poor human nature is so frail,
They're blest, who can withstand
When strong temptations doth assail
The soul on every hand.
And though your love for me has gone,
I'll pray for you to Heaven,
Forgiving every slight and wrong
As I would be forgiven.

Since fate decreed that we should part,
It may indeed be best!
Then go! I say, with aching heart,
And may your life be blest;
But do not think I can forget
Some hours we have passed,
Which leave a lingering regret
Because they did not last.

A VOICE.

A voice is lingering in mine ear
As I recall the past;
Its words of love my soul would cheer,
But, ah! it did not last.

This voice which lingers in mine ear
I never can forget;
Its tones so tender, soft and clear,
Are dear to memory yet.

I heard that voice in days of old
Breathe vows in accents strong;
In after years the voice grew cold,
Vows broken—every one.

We pity the poor faithless heart
We once believed so true;
It has its own deep, stinging smart,
It has its sorrow, too.

We are but human, one and all,
The best may sometime stray;
O, Fount of Love, on Thee we call,
For charity we pray.

LINES TO A LADY FRIEND.

The babbling brook as it dances along
Reminds me of thee, dear friend, in its song;
To each sorrowing heart it seemeth to say
Be cheerful and happy, be joyous and gay.

As the sun coming forth from behind a dark cloud
Sheds a halo of glory and splendor around,
So the light of thy face, in mansion or cot,
If basked in but once is never forgot.

May the joy of thy soul continue to flow,
Shedding sunbeams around you wherever you go;
Till earth with its trials and discords are passed,
And you enter the portal, sweet Heaven, at last.

THINGS I HATE.

I hate to see a man of wealth
  Regarding with disdain
A man that humbly toils for bread,
  Whose life is free from blame.

I hate to see a person frown,
  And loath to give their hand,
When introduced to one they think
  Beneath their social stand.

I hate to see, as men grow rich,
  How oft, alas! it tends
To crowd their better nature down
  As selfishness ascends.

Monopolies I hate to see
  Combined to rob the poor,
Half-clad, half-sheltered and half-fed—
  Want standing at their door.

I hate the meanness of that pride
  Which makes a man ignore
The friends he had in other days—
  The days when he was poor.

I hate to see him quite forget,
As flies each passing year,
That he will soon be called from earth
Into another sphere.

I hate to see men born heirs
To empires, crowns and thrones,
Regardless of their subjects' needs,
Their misery and moans.

I hate to see men go to war,
And mow each other down,
To satisfy a quarrel caused
By knaves who stay at home.

I hate to see men poorly paid
For work performed well,
By hypocrites who make long prayers
And talk of Heaven and Hell.

I hate to see a brainless fop,
With wardrobe all complete,
Make little of a better man
Whose clothes are not so neat.

I hate to see in politics,
What you may often note,
A candidate demean himself
And crawl to get a vote.

I hate to see a man so mean,
  His poor dumb beast to thrash;
Indeed it often seems to me
  Himself should get the lash.

I hate to see a fellow-man
  Refused a helping hand
When struggling hard against life's stream
  To reach where he may stand.

I hate to hear unbalanced minds
  Denouncing things most vile
Which men of common sense enjoy,
  An hour to beguile.

I hate to see a hypocrite,
  Dressed up in saintly guise,
Maligning the most noble souls
  With base, malicious lies.

I hate to hear progressive minds
  Make use of words unkind
Of narrow, superstitious ones,
  Whom they have left behind.

I scorn the sanctimonious fraud,
  Who claims to love the Lord,
And yet will lacerate a heart
  By cruel deed or word.

I scorn the wretch who wins a life
And has it all his own,
Then acts a base, deceitful part,
With cruel heart of stone.

I'd like some abler pen than mine
These verses would extend,
Take up the thread where I leave off
And spin on to the end.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

At morning, noon, and quiet eve,
There is one vacant chair,
Placed by tender, loving hands
For one that comes not near.
When gathered round the glowing hearth,
The fire's ruddy light
Shines upon the vacant chair
Of one now passed from sight.

We miss the dear, familiar face,
We breathe the loved one's name,
We list, receiving no response—
We listen, but in vain.
The vacant chair recalls the past
And wafts the mind away

Back to the joys of other days,
When all the world seemed gay.

And in the evening's psalm of praise
One voice is missed in song;
The dear one's chair is vacant now,
The sweetest voice is gone
To join that great seraphic choir
Before the Father's throne,
Where harmony's in every note
And discord is unknown.

We trust there is a better land,
A spirit home on high,
Where we may meet our friends again,
No more to droop and die;
Where there shall be no vacant chair,
No riven, bleeding heart,
But where the loved of bygone days
Shall meet no more to part.

THE PALMER FOUNTAIN.

Presented to the city of Detroit by Mrs. T. W. Palmer for the benefit of dumb animals.

God bless the donor—all will pray—
For this rare work of art;
And passers-by will truly say
She has a kindly heart.

And here this fountain will remain
For untold years to come,
Bearing a name without a stain,
Dear to many a home.

Here parched tongues their thirst will slake
On sultry summer days;
And if those tongues could only speak,
They'd speak the donor's praise.

For deeds of kindness on life's way,
And her unselfish heart,
The people yet unborn will say
She played a noble part.

All noble souls to brutes are kind;
And whosoe'er they be,
A recompense they'll surely find
In God's eternity.

Who knows! but in some spirit sphere,
Upon some peaceful shore,
The pets we loved may all be there
And know us as of yore?

And some there are who hold this view—
God knows if they are right;
With all our heart we hope it's true;
'Twould be a great delight.

If all with tenderness were blest,
A Heaven we'd have here;
And service rendered would be best
Through love—and not through fear.

Though season's come and seasons go,
Though skies be dark or clear,
Though things keep changing here below
As year succeedeth year,

"The Palmer Fountain" will remain
For untold years to come;
Bearing a name deserving fame,
Dear to many a home.

FAREWELL.

Those fleeting hours we spent together
Shall never, never be forgot,
But in my soul will linger ever,
Where'er I be, whate'er my lot.

Though stormy billows roll between us,
Fond memories will my bosom swell.
We'll meet again, if prayer can bring us;
Till then adieu, dear friend, farewell.

Should destiny or fate decree
That we on earth may meet no more,
The hope still shall be dear to me
Of meeting on a fairer shore.

MIZPAH.

Strangers we met, as friends we part;
I know thou hast a noble heart,
  Tender, kind and true.
May Heaven guide thee on thy way;
I hope we'll meet again some day.
  Till then, dear friend, adieu.

The happy hours together spent,
That swiftest wings to time had lent,
  I never can forget.
Our lot may lie in different spheres,
As onward flow the rolling years,
  But dear to memory yet.

Mizpah shall be my noonday prayer;
'Twill follow thee no matter where,
  O'er distant land or sea;
And in the morning's early dawn,
And when the shades of night are drawn
  It still my prayer shall be.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Full twenty years we have been friends,
And I can ne'er forget;
Thy pleasant words, thy cheerful smiles
Are in my memory yet.

In years we have both older grown,
But oh! believe my song,
Though hollow hearts may have grown cold
My friendship's just as strong.

Perfection we may never find
Whilst in this world below,
But let our hearts be true and kind
And soothe each other's woe.

And when we reach that blessed land
Where friendship ne'er grows cold,
We'll clasp each other by the hand
As in the days of old.

Your loving spouse, we can't forget,
Who shares your joys, your cares;
A friend so true is seldom met
In this sad vale of tears.

May he and you both long be spared
To see each other's face
For many happy, happy days,
And love with years keep pace.

As hand in hand you glide along
Life's stream which flows so fast,
May each new year with blessings prove
Still richer than the last.

I know with me in my sad lot,
Dear friends, you sympathize;
But never mind, it matters not,
I'll see beyond the skies.

Let yours and mine, let every heart,
In patience bear our lot,
Assured that by a love divine
Not one is e'er forgot.

YOUR ANGEL BABES.

Ye mourning parents, still exclaim,
With resignation calm,
While trusting in His sacred name,
Who sends the healing balm—

"Dear Father, God, Thy will be done!"
And bow to the All Wise,
For though your babes from you are gone,
They live in Paradise.

Your darlings, they have reached that shore
Where naught can e'er annoy;
They're with the blessed evermore,
They dwell in endless joy.

Your precious babes God home did bring,
Ere they had taste of sorrow,
To where bright angels' anthems ring—
From this, sweet comfort borrow.

A few more fleeting days or years
Your trust in God retain,
Have faith in Heaven; O, dry those tears,
Your babes you'll meet again.

Words may be vain to gild a grief,
Or give the spirit rest;
But in this thought there is relief—
Our Father knows what's best.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's heart, Oh! woman's love,
Alas! how oft you cling,
Like some sweet vine, all fragrant,
Around a worthless thing.

What wealth of love is wasted,
What sacrifice oft made,
To find that she is cheated
Of all she sought and gave.

WHAT I'D DO WITH A MILLION.

The principal, I'd place somewhere—
Will say—at six per cent—
Ten thousand for expense each year,
Should be the full extent.

With fifty thousand left, my friend,
I'll tell you what I'd do:
I would kind sympathy extend
Unto a goodly few.

I'd seek and help the palsied poor,
I'd help the needy blind;
To these two classes, I am sure,
I'd be exceeding kind.

The widow and the fatherless,
In penury and need,
I could not see them comfortless
And hug my wealth in greed.

I would not be imposed upon
By humbug, knave or thief,
Yet many a poor deserving one
From me should have relief.

Believe it not! when we are told
By pessimists to-day
That riches make the heart grow cold—
It's oft the other way.

Glorious deeds can be recalled
Of men of wealth and fame,
Whose hearts o'erflowed when pity called—
All honor to their name!

A tender word or kindly deed
Can never, never die;
Who soweth here the precious seed
Shall gather bye and bye.

The wealthy cannot bring one dime
Across the jasper sea;
Best, in this little space call time,
Live, for eternity.

And my own monument I'd raise—
It might not be amiss—
Not one for empty show or praise,
But something more like this—

An institute I would endow,
Where helpless ones could rest,
Regardless of their creed, I vow
Their faith should be no test.

Gifts after this I'd have confined
To kindred and to blood;
My will should have it well defined
And clearly understood.

If wealth should make my heart grow cold—
If love would not endure—
Away with wealth! away with gold!
God keep me ever poor!

THE DOG.

Misfortune may befall thee,
And poor become thy lot,
Though friends may all forsake thee,
Thy faithful dog will not.

He'll prove faithful, true and kind,
When others treat thee cold;
A friend more true you'll never find
In all this wide, wide world.

Though pinched with cold and hunger,
He's true whate'er betide;
E'en the wealthiest stranger
Can't coax him from thy side.

Oh, if men were half so true!
Some women's love as strong!
Less divorces would ensue
When little things go wrong.

TRUTH AND FRIENDSHIP.

Serene and pure let friendship flow
From heart to heart while here below;
And when we reach that world on high,
Where purest friendships never die,
There we shall quaff the flowing bowl
Of love which flows from soul to soul.

If truth and friendship guide us here,
Ere long we'll reach a brighter sphere,
And mingle with a rapturous throng
In sweetest anthems loud and long;
No more with wandering feet to stray
From Father, God, or virtue's way.

The dearly loved of bygone years,
Who shared our joys, our griefs, our tears,
We'll meet upon that shining shore
Where pain and parting come no more,
Where friendships formed forever stand,
In God's eternal Summer Land.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Now forty years have passed, dear Tom,
Since you first saw the light,
And we are gathered here, thy friends,
To wish you joy to-night.
'Tis pleasant thus to find you, Tom,
Now in the noon of life,
With all the comforts of a home
And with a loving wife.

And children who respect you, Tom,
As father and as friend;
Oh! may love's ties forever grow
Still stronger to the end.
May you enjoy life's blessings long,
E'en to a grand old age,
Still nobly acting out your part
On life's dramatic stage.

And when the day of trial comes,
As come it will to all,
Oh! do not lose your trust in Him,
Who notes the sparrow's fall.
Now forty years are passed and gone
Since you first saw the light;
And we are gathered here, thy friends,
To wish you joy to-night.

HUSBAND, BROTHER, FRIEND.

Dedicated to a lady on the death of her husband.

A faithful husband, brother, friend,
Has entered into spirit life;
Dear Lord, sweet consolation send,
O comfort now his loving wife.

A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall meet on that fair shore,
And join him with yon Heavenly host,
Where pain and partings come no more.

We'll miss him, yes, we'll miss him, here,
We'll miss his kindly words and ways;
To memory he'll be ever dear,
Though words but poorly speak his praise.

As husband, brother, or as friend,
None ever found his counsel vain:
His life was useful to the end,
His character without a stain.

Bright angels, come and cheer her life,
That most will miss him from her side—
His faithful, tender, loving wife—
O God of Love, with her abide.

The widow's friend draws very nigh;
To Him your grief and sorrow tell.
You'll meet your dear one bye and bye—
A loving God doth all things well.

He oft may come and clasp thy hand,
Unfelt, unseen by mortal eye;
O 'tis a truth sublimely grand—
Our loved ones never, never die.

WE LAID THEM TO REST.

We laid them to rest in their lone, narrow bed,
The mother and child, cold, silent and dead,
While dear ones strewed o'er them in plentiful showers
The richest perfume—sweet jessamine flowers.

A fond mother sleeps with her babe by her side,
No more to be tossed on life's turbulent tide;
No more shall the sorrows of earth weigh her down—
She hath borne the cross, she now wears the crown.

In the bright Summer-land, just over the way,
Where spirits abide, they are living to-day;
Both mother and babe in Heaven's fair bowers,
While we think of the grave and the jessamine flowers.

So pure was her life and so calm was her death,
We wish her not back to this troublesome earth;
Although with her babe she may often draw near,
And whisper of hope our spirits to cheer.

As wife, and as mother, as sister or friend,
She ever was faithful and true to the end;
But language doth fail us in speaking her praise—
To know was to love her, so sweet were her ways.

With her last waning breath, she fondly replied,
When asked, "Do you know, love, who stands by your side?"
"My own darling husband! yes! yes! I know—
Bring up our children in the way they should go.

"And, oh! teach them my name to love and respect;
May they cherish my memory and never neglect
To trust in the Lord, Who hears when we call,
And God in His love will take care of us all."

We have laid her to rest in that calm, silent bed,
With her babe by her side. We say they are dead;
Yet their spirits are roaming through Heaven's fair bowers,
While we think of the grave and the jessamine flowers.

Her dearly loved form, we have laid it away,
To return with her babe to kindred clay;
But their souls are not there, beneath the green sod—
They're rejoicing with dear ones in Heaven with God.

Sleep, O beloved, 'neath thy fair Southern sky,
Where the jessamine grows and the winds softly sigh;
Sleep, mother, sleep, with thy babe at thy breast—
Some day we shall meet in the land of the blest.

WELCOME HOME.

Greeting to Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble on her return from Europe, July, 1890.

(The following lines express the sentiments of many hearts.)

Welcome home, dear friend, once more,
To thine own dear native shore;
Back from o'er the deep blue sea,
To this fair land of liberty;
Grateful hearts for thee have prayed
At morning's dawn and evening's shade.

Tender deeds which thou hast done
Hosts of friends for thee have won;
Noble woman, good and true—
Oh that earth had more like you!—
Memories of thy gracious ways,
Lingering with us, give thee praise.

Clear of head and kind of heart,
Teaching gracefully the art—
As by some magic spell—
Art of reading, acting well.
For culture, dignity and grace,
Few there are can fill thy place.

No queen upon her regal throne
Has fonder subjects, all her own,
Than thou, fair lady, can command,
By the wave of thy dear hand;
Honors reached through royal birth
Lack thy wealth of honest worth.

Welcome, dear one, welcome home!
And when o'er earth we cease to roam,
May we, with thee, in glory stand
Arrayed in white, at God's right hand;
Hear these words, 'neath Heaven's dome,
Welcome, dear ones, welcome home.

YOUR SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

May thy life be a beautiful poem,
Its rythm and measure complete,
Where'er thou art fated to roam—
Till you enter at Heaven's bright gate.

Sixteen, I am told, is thy age;
A fair bud of promise thou art,
A student of history's page,
Enriching thy head and thy heart.

An excellent chapter in verse
Might be poetry written in prose;
It's all in the way we express
A beautiful thought as it flows.

I would that my words might impress
Some pure, holy thought on the mind,
That all whom we meet we might bless
In ways that are tender and kind.

There stretches before thee to-day
Life's pathway with blessings replete,
Some thorns perhaps?—oh, cast them away,
Pluck flowers refreshing and sweet!

May thy life be a beautiful poem,
Its rythm and measure complete,
Where'er thou art fated to roam—
Till you enter at Heaven's bright gate.

A CRUEL MAN.

A Chapter from Real Life.

Yes, I was once his faithful wife;
Would that it ne'er had been.
The way he trampled on my love,
The like is seldom seen.
Despite my cries and falling tears,
He cast me from his life;
He set at naught his marriage vows
And left a loving wife.

When tears he shed to win me,
I thought he was a friend;
But how he has deceived me,
Thank God it's at an end.
Those tears of base deception
That oft rolled down his cheek,
Do of themselves condemn him,
So plainly do they speak.

He wooed until he won me,
He then did me despise;
With cruel heart he cast me off,
He thought me not a prize.

With oily tongue and moistened eye
And his deceitful smile,
He'd give me to another man,
Pretending love the while.

LOVING AND TRUE.

Oh, give me a heart in sweet accord,
Tender and loving and true;
A heart where a wealth of soul is stored—
Such a heart methinks have you!

Oh give me a heart where every string
Is responsive, clear and true,
Which lends to the voice that silvery ring—
Such a heart, my friend, have you!—

A heart like a crystal fountain clear,
And sweet as the morning dew;
A heart that can shed for love a tear—
Such a heart, dear one, have you!

Oh give me a heart in sweet accord,
And pure as the sparkling dew;
That heart where a wealth of soul is stored
And I will be ever true!

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD,

May 3d, 1889.

Dreadful, foaming, angry waters
Rushing, crushing, fierce and wild,
Bearing Johnstown's sons and daughters
Down to death upon their tide.
Aged matrons, sires hoary,
Infants gasp in vain for breath—
It chills our blood to read the story—
This dreadful carnival of death!

Blame not God for this disaster;
It was man's mistake alone;
Follow still the loving Master,
Take your sorrows to the throne.
Though men be ne'er so wise and good,
They are prone to make mistakes,
But let this fact be understood—
In Nature's laws there are no breaks.

No matter when or where we die,
Death is the door which leads to light;
We'll meet our loved ones bye and bye,
Though now unseen by mortal sight.

It matters little how we die,
  By lingering illness or by flood,
For when we reach those realms on high
  Things shall be clearly understood.

Poor weeping mourners, dry your tears;
  Those loved ones, torn from your side,
You'll meet again in coming years—
  They wait you now beyond the tide.
The powers of an endless life,
  Its possibilities for good
When freed from earthly pain and strife,
  Are *here* too oft misunderstood.

FRIENDSHIP.

There's much of sham which wears the name
Of friendship on its face;
In prosp'rous days its all aflame,
In adverse, always base.

With honeyed words the flatt'ring tongue
May trusting hearts beguile;
True friendship chides us for the wrong,
Yet loves us all the while.

How sinks the heart within the breast,
Although the pain's unspoke;
We seek in vain, but find no rest,
When friendship's ties are broke.

We're thinking of each happy hour
We spent in days gone by—
Oh, can it be that any power
Will make that friendship die?

It may be clouded o'er and dim—
'Twill brighten bye and bye;
True friendship is a living spring,
Whose fountain ne'er runs dry!

WE MOURN NO MORE.

Well may our hearts rejoice, dear friends,
In this progressive day,
As reason dawns upon the mind,
Old dogmas fade away.
The dismal teachings of the past
Have lost their solemn spell,
A larger and a nobler faith
Our souls with rapture swell.

We mourn no more our dead as lost,
But merely gone before;
Their loving eyes are on us still
As in the days of yore.
Though others scoff, we know 'tis true,
We feel their presence near,
Not all the man-made creeds of earth,
To us can be so dear.

Those minds who will investigate
Shall lose all slavish fear,
For death is but the open door
To reach a higher sphere;
And those we love, who've passed away,
With joy will take our hand,
Where erring feet no more may stray
In God's bright summer land.

WAS HE A SOLDIER
Who Blew Up the Maine?

A true soldier is fearless, yet he is kind;
With courage, and honor, and manhood combined.
He'll vanquish his foe by the might of his arm
And, when he is conquered, will shield him from harm.

Say, was he a soldier who blew up the Maine?
Though he may be clad in the armor of Spain,
We will repeat it again and again,
He was no soldier who blew up the Maine.

But a demon, thrice dyed in villainy deep,
Who murdered our boys when they were asleep;
To portray the villain all language is vain,
O, he was no soldier who blew up the Maine.

The death of our boys, two hundred, sixty and two,
To the hand of the treacherous Spaniard is due;
In history's annals this crime will live on,
When Spain (as a power) is crumbled and gone.

Were we at war you would not be to blame;
But at peace in your harbor, Spaniards, Oh! shame;
Such conduct as yours any nation would damn,
And for this you've paid dear to kind Uncle Sam.

Ah! cruel Spain, too long you have crushed
And trampled poor Cuba down in the dust,
Retribution has come and now you must own,
That you are but reaping what you have sown.

Earth's rulers must learn to rule men aright,
Or the people henceforth will arise in their might,
The time has gone by for men to be slaves;
Better by far to fill patriot's graves.

Cuba no longer in sorrow will bleed,
From bloodthirsty Spain, her soil has been freed,
The decree it went forth—to arms and fight
For humanity's sake, in defence of the right.

Degenerate Spain, your race is nigh run—
A people who hold that a bull fight is fun,
Must be degraded and shallow of brain;
Just such material as blew up the Maine.

'Twere better to lie in death's silent bed
Than be that vile wretch with conscience so dead
Who exploded the mine, inflicting such pain
On the brave sailor boys in repose on the Maine.

Who was it, we ask, that blew up the Maine?
Though he may be wearing the epaulettes of Spain,
We will repeat it again and again,
He was no soldier who blew up the Maine.

But, on February fifteenth, eighteen ninety-eight,
A dastard performed the cowardly feat—
Fit type of a barbarous, treacherous race,
Besotted with crime and steeped in disgrace.

WEEP NOT, FOND MOTHER.

Oh! weep not for your absent boy,
Though you shall miss him here;
For he has reached eternal joy
With other loved ones dear.

In that sweet home all free from pain,
Where souls feel no distress;
Oh! do not wish him back again
To such a world as this;

And you will meet your boy again,
And on a fairer shore,
Where comes no parting, grief or pain,
But joy forever more.

Our Father surely knows what's best
For us poor mortals here;
Then trust His love. He giveth rest,
And all to Him are dear.

So many years your boy remained
A sufferer with you—
Celestial joy he now has gained,
And life immortal, too.

From birth a victim of disease
No earthly skill could cure;
No suffering now, but peace, sweet peace,
Forever shall endure.

WOMAN.

The dearest gift that God has given
To mortal man below—is woman,
With her thousand charms,
To soothe his every woe.

And he who wins one loyal heart,
That he can call his own,
Is happier than the potentate,
To whom such love's unknown.

And yet they say she caused man's fall,
Gave him forbidden fruit,
Oh! what a silly story that,
Base orthodox untruth.

To say that she whom God had given,
To cheer man's lonely lot,
Should prove his curse and lasting woe,
Incurring God's own wrath.

What nonsense and what falsehood, too,
Both of the deepest dye;
'Tis nothing but an ancient tale,
This foolish Hebrew lie.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  The birds have ceased their song,
And Winter's fast approaching,
  The Winter drear and long.
It's then the poor must suffer,
  And tears are ofttimes shed
By mothers o'er their darlings
  Who cannot give them bread.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  We see them all abroad;
Some of us, ere Spring's return,
  May go to our reward;
Oh, how dreary is this life
  When want is at the door;

Oh ye who can afford to give,
  Have pity on the poor.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  And blessed are the wise
Who do works meet for Heaven,
  Where foliage never dies;
May we be kind and tender
  And do whate'er we can,
While journeying through this life,
  To help our fellow-man.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  Winds scatter them away
Like hopes we've fondly cherished
  In life's delusive day;
But hope and faith will linger
  Within the human breast,
Still trusting in the future,
  That life will be more blest.

The Autumn leaves are falling,
  And we, like them, shall fade;
The night of death is coming
  To cast o'er all its shade;
There comes a brighter morrow,
  The springtime of the soul,
And then! Farewell to sorrow!
  Roll on, ye seasons, roll!

ALL THAT I ASK.

You have broken the spell that once bound me to thee,
Your cool words and ways have performed their task.
If you still have one fond recollection of me
Don't cast it away; it is all that I ask!

The last rosebud of hope thou hast plucked from my soul,
Yet, Heaven forbid, I thee ever should hate.
Give another your heart, your affection, your all,
Sad, lonely, forsaken, I'll bow to my fate.

The weight of the vows that are broken rest on thee.
Oh! I'd lift them off one by one if I could,
And leave you as free as the first day I found thee,
But a heart that is false can feel not the load.

If I could believe that I ever had wronged thee,
I'd fall at thy feet and forgiveness crave;
But, ah! I should know why so coldly you treat me,
For I'd be no craven, no mean, cringing slave.

Yes, give to another all you vowed should be mine,
Build up new hopes and new joys for each morrow;
Never dwell on the past, and, oh, never repine,
Nor think of the life you have shrouded in sorrow.

You have broken the spell that once bound me to thee,
Your cool words and ways have performed their task,
If you still have one fond recollection of me,
Don't cast it away. It is all tnat I ask.

LINES TO A FLIRT.

I loved thee with a tender love,
With heart sincere and true,
Before I found you were a flirt;
Now, I must say—Adieu!
A love of flirting in a girl
May draw men to her side,
But ne'er inclines a man of sense
To take her for his bride.

A flirt is a deceitful thing;
And she who plays the part,
No wealth of soul can ever bring
To cheer a manly heart.
I loved thee with a tender love,
With heart sincere and true,
But since you've played the double part,
I now must say—Adieu!

Forget that we have ever met,
  Forget the words we spoke,
Forget the promises you made
  So willingly—and broke.
Forget you vowed that you were mine,
  And yet withheld your heart,
Forget you ever gave me pain,
  Since we at last must part.

Flirting is wrong, in either sex!
  Perceive, you plainly can;
A woman is less womanly,
  A man is less a man.
Let shallow heads and hollow hearts
  Display the flirting art,
True excellence in either sex
  Will act a wiser part.

SYMPATHY.

How sweet are sympathizing words!
And when by dear ones spoken,
Fond memories of the soul are stirred
Though we are crushed and broken.

Oft, oft, behind the gayest mask
Only known to self and Heaven,
Holding the life within its grasp,
The deepest grief lies hidden;

Though rich or poor, though high or low,
Sorrow reaches every heart;
We find it wheresoe'er we go—
Of our lives it forms a part.

The loving Savior when on earth,
Ever sympathized with pain;
Pure sympathy in Heaven had birth,
The more we give the more we gain.

Let us help bear each other's load,
'Twill make the burden lighter;
And when we reach that blest abode,
Our robes may be the brighter.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD LADY.

"Oh, I want to go," were the last words she said,
As she entered the valley and felt its cool shade,
She had no gloomy foreboding of woe,
But expressed herself willing, yea, anxious to go.

Her shadow was lengthening away to the East,
In the "Evening of life" as she passed to her rest,
Like a calm setting sun, slowly fading from sight,
Then her soul plumed its wings to the realms of light.

She has gone to her rest, to the glorious reward
Prepared for all those who love the dear Lord,
If whose teachings we follow mid pleasure or woe,
We, too, may exclaim, "We are willing to go."

Thy dear sainted mother, "We'll meet her again,"
Where the skies are unclouded by sorrow or pain,
Where parting and grieving and death come no more,
In the land of the blest on Heaven's fair shore.

When we shall be summoned away from this life,
From its toils and its cares, disappointments and strife,
May our souls with a Heavenly rapture o'erflow,
Exclaiming with her, "Oh, I want to go."

A SILVER LINING.

If adverse fortune weigh thee down,
And friendships fond may seem declining,
If some who smiled, now on thee frown—
The cloud has still a silver lining.

Tho' friends prove false, and treat thee cold,
Waste not thy life in sad repining;
'Twill make things worse, a thousandfold—
The cloud has still a silver lining.

Should earthly friendships all prove dross,
And in the mass no gold be shining,
In such a case there is no loss—
The cloud has still a silver lining.

Put thine own shoulder to the wheel,
Steadily life's pathway climbing;
The world itself thy power may feel—
The cloud has still a silver lining.

Tho' fog and mist enshroud the way,
Above it all the sun is shining;
Beyond there is a brighter day!
Each cloud has still a silver lining!

OSCEOLA.

History shall record his name—
On its enduring page,
His deeds of valor and his fame
Will live from age to age.

No foe can bind him now in chains,
His dauntless soul is free
To roam through forest dells and vale
Where he so loved to be.

The deeds of cruel, heartless men,
Made desolate his life;
For vengeance he was not to blame,
They robbed him of his wife—

They tore her from his fond embrace,
They made of her a slave;
Then, with the courage of his race,
He sought an early grave.

At thirty-four our hero dies,
Resigned his mortal breath,
But Osceola still survives,
There is no death, no death.

If we would treat the Indian fair,
With him be just and true;
We'd have no Indian wars to fear,
Or red men to subdue.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

O'er Sicily a tyrant reigned,
Four hundred and five B. C.;
With human blood his robes were stained,
By deeds of cruelty.
In Syracuse one Damon lived;
There, lived one Pythias, too;
They hated wrong and loved the right,
As all good men should do.

Oh, those were brave and fearless men,
As knights should always be;
The bond that bound them soul to soul
Was true fraternity.
Damon incurred the tyrant's wrath,
Dionysius was his name;
So Damon, he decreed, should die,
His blood the earth must stain.

In three short days his blood must flow;
Of death he had no dread;
But Pythias to the tyrant prayed,
Come, hold me in his stead;
Let Damon to the distant coast
Go see his wife and child;
Oh, let him see them once again,
Pythias, pleading, cried—

And may the gods exalt thy name
As high as Heaven's dome;
And give thee glory, honor, fame,
As ne'er to monarch shown;
But let him go to give his loved
One fond and last embrace;
Hold me as hostage in his stead—
Oh, let me take his place.

The tyrant granted his request,
Fully resolved to know
If friendship's tie could be so strong—
Or only empty show;
On Pythias he would place no guard
His freedom to restrain.
Calantha urged him to depart;
Her pleadings were in vain.

"Oh, fair Calantha," he replied,
"I'd live for thy dear sake,
I'd fly with thee, no matter where,
But honor is at stake,
The gods are holding Damon back.
Farewell, my love, good-bye;
To prove my friendship for my friend,
The time has come to die."

They bring him forth, mid scoffs and jeers,
He stands beside the block.
Lo! in the distance there appears
What makes them cease to mock—
A horseman coming like the wind;
They shout as he draws near,
"Damon has come to save his friend!"
They cheer, and cheer, and cheer—

Loud acclamations rend the air,
As both stand side by side;
Pythias holding Damon's hand,
For whom he would have died.
Such true nobility of soul
Touched e'en the tyrant's heart
(A tender spot was in it still);
He said to them, depart.

Ho! all you brother knights, to-day
By ties of friendship bound,
To help each other on life's way,
Wherever you are found—
In Damon and in Pythias, see
What brotherhood may do—
It softened e'en a tyrant's heart,
Made him a brother too.

BE TRUE.

Be true to thy convictions, friend,
Whatever they may be,
And from the hight you have attained
Proclaim just what you see.

Though other lips may jeer and scoff
At what you deem is true,
Be loyal to thy better self
And learn to dare and do.

The narrow, the contracted mind,
Thinks he alone is right;
Whilst others who have higher views
Have passed beyond his sight.

There are extremes of intellect—
The genius and the fool;
Between the two are many grades,
Some less bright, some less dull.

Let those whom nature has endowed
With strength of mind to soar,
Despise not those they leave behind
In mists and fogs of yore.

LINES TO A LADY.

(Who, like the writer, feels the loss of physical sight.)

Dear friend, although we've never met,
To thee I send a line;
Thy sad condition, I am told,
Is just the same as mine.
We both experience loss of sight;
But blindness will not last;
Soon as this earthly life is o'er,
The darkness will be past.

Then let us not repine too much,
Nor let our hearts be sad;
But let us make the most of life,
And if we can—be glad—

Be glad that we have friends to cheer,
And bless us on our way;
And take this comfort to our souls,
We'll surely see some day.

For, oh! that mortals live again,
Is truth I cannot doubt;
And all who will investigate,
May find this grand truth out.
Though frauds have been and yet may be,
The truth remains the same,
On banks there may be counterfeits,
But are the banks to blame?

Then let us make the most of life,
And do the best we can
To banish gloom from out our lives,
This life is but a span;
And when we reach those realms of light,
Where weary souls find rest,
With vision clear we then may see
That all was for the best.

How sad must be the state of those
Whose lives are all o'ercast,
With selfish deeds, perchance with crime,
Years worse than wasted—past—

Without one soul-inspiring thought
To raise the sordid mind;
To me, dear friend, it really seems
Such are the truly blind.

THE LONGED FOR DAY.

Let noisy bigots in their zeal,
Wrangle over dying creeds
And misty dogmas, old and stale,
Which serve not human needs.

Old nightmares of the past, begone!
You caused too much of woe;
Your very grave, good men will shun,
As they in wisdom grow.

Too long held superstition sway,
Forcing thinkers to be mute;
But now we're in a grander day
Where men may speak the truth.

The dungeon with no sunlit ray,
The gibbet and the rack,
The bigot's power, have passed away,
They never can come back.

The longed for day has dawned at last!
Now men begin to see,
The fetters which have bound them fast
And they are cutting free;

Free from all despotic power
Of either church or state,
Have patience for the coming hour,
Have patience, brothers, wait!

The victory now is almost won,
The tyrants' power is broke,
And soon before the rising sun
Shall melt each galling yoke.

PARTED.

(A lady who had been separated from her husband once spoke, in substance, of her troubles, to the writer, as follows:)

Oh, would that we had never met
Since we at last must part,
This, only this, to me is left—
A weary, lonely heart.

I'm thinking of the long ago,
The joys of our young life,
Before we drank that cup of woe,
Of discord and of strife.

Perhaps we both have been to blame;
I've been to blame I know;
Still in my soul will live his name
Where'er through life I go.

Dreary paths may lie before me,
Dark and cheerless seems the way;
Lowering clouds are gathering o'er me,
With no golden sunlit ray.

Though every tender tie which bound us
May be severed evermore,
Yet fond memory will remind us
Of the happy days of yore.

May Heaven watch o'er, protect and guide him,
Though fate decrees that we must part;
May no evil e'er betide him—
Is the prayer of my sad heart.

Precious darlings nature gave us,
God has called to yon bright shore;
But one is left still to remind us
Of the joys that come no more.

Heavenly Father, wilt Thou guide her
Since her earthly parents part.
Oh, never let my fate betide her—
Is the prayer of mother's heart.

JULY FOURTH.

Ring out ye bells! the echoes wake,
For this is Independence Day!
Let cannons' boom, the mountains shake,
And spread the tidings far away.

The glorious Fourth has come once more,
Let every patriot's bosom swell,
Their praises sound from shore to shore,
Of those who bled and fought so well.

And left to us this glorious land,
Whereon no despot's foot can tread,
All honor to that glorious band!
All honor to the noble dead!

True heroes gave this nation birth,
God blessed the hands that dealt the stroke
Which made the freest land on earth,
And broke the tyrants galling yoke.

To every brave and loyal heart,
Their memory will be ever dear;
The heritage they did impart,
Oh! may we guard with jealous care.

From old Atlantic's rock bound coast,
To broad Pacific's pebbly shore,
All thanks to God! through Him we boast,
Abundant blessings are in store.

And from the Gulf of Mexico,
To snow clad fields of Labrador,
As now, may it be ever so,
One flag, one country ever more.

Ring out ye bells! the echoes wake,
For this is Independence Day;
Let cannons', boom the mountains shake,
And spread the tidings far away.

TWO LITTLE BABES.

Two little babes are sleeping,
Their pure sweet souls have fled;
Fond mother cease thy grieving,
Your babies are not dead.

Two little angels now in bliss,
Led by a spirit band,
Oft come, unseen, unfelt, and press
Dear mamma's cheek or hand.

And when the Father calls you,
You'll see your babes again,
And know that He hath loved you
In all your grief and pain.

Do not question God's design,
But on His wisdom rest;
Say, "O Lord, Thy will, not mine,"
And bow to His behest.

Your babes will ne'er know sorrow,
In Heaven no tears are shed,
You'll find some coming morrow
Your babies are not dead!

Of such is Heaven's kingdom,
The loving Master taught;
As in His arms He blessed them,
And said, "Forbid them not."

MEMORY.

Oft in our lonely, pensive hours,
We're roaming in the past,
Through verdant vale and shady bowers,
Held by memory fast.

We sadly think of friends we've known,
And drop a silent tear;
Some have reached that happier home,
Some still are struggling here.

Some have gone to distant lands
Far o'er the stormy sea—
We nevermore may clasp their hands
This side eternity.

Some vowed they would be always true,
And ever be the same;
But, ah! like chaff their friendship flew
When dire misfortune came.

Some have grown cold, through wealth and pride,
To friends of humbler days;
They never seek their fireside,
They never speak their praise.

Alas! Some strayed from virtue's paths
To those of sin and shame;
Some fell with loving, trusting hearts,
And God knows who's to blame.

Not one, of all we ever knew
We'd willingly forget;
The false, the erring, and the true
Are dear to memory yet.

But doubly dear the faithful few,
Whose love has ne'er grown cold,
But brighter in each trial grew,
Like pure, untarnished gold!

KILLED BY UNKINDNESS.

The poor soul is at rest, she sleeps her last sleep,
Her lips now forever are mute,
And her eyes never more in sorrow may weep
O'er the hopes she had cherished in youth.

Fond hopes that were crushed from her poor bleeding heart
By a fiend in the guise of a man,
Who forced her away from his home to depart,
Then opened his door to a woman of sin.

How degraded the wretch who could take to his breast,
In the place of a true-hearted wife,
A vile creature of sin, a deceiver at best,
A promoter of envy and strife.

They've completed their work; alas! they have killed her;
Her body now sleeps 'neath the cold, silent sod.
I pity their fate when their lives they surrender,
And stand in the presence of her and of God.

Her spirit now lives in the land of the blest,
Whilst they are compelled in discord to dwell,
With remorse, like a viper, gnawing each breast,
Before them the prospect of anguish and Hell.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

On the Occasion of a Birthday Surprise Party.

On this return of your birthday,
A word or two we wish to say.
'Tis friendship brings us here to-night—
Friendship pure, untarnished, bright.

As passing days make up the years,
Thy joys be many, few thy tears;
May pleasing thoughts each hour engage,
And reach at last a ripe old age.

With dear, kind Tom still by your side,
Regarding you with manly pride,
And wondering what he next will do
To please his wife so good and true.

May faith, and hope, and love combine
To bless thy life and all that's thine;
And as you journey on life's way,
Experience many a sweet birthday.

When all our birthdays here are o'er,
And when we reach that peaceful shore,
The recollection of this night
May never fade from memory quite.

CRUEL WORDS.

If thou hast won a trusting heart,
  Regard it as thine own;
With angry words ne'er make it smart,
  Nor give it cause to mourn.

Oh, how the harsh, unfeeling word
  Will bring hearts years of pain;
Sometimes the feelings deeply stirred
  Will ne'er subside again.

Though love may be of Heaven born,
  And pure as God's own light,
One cruel breath, one angry storm,
  May change it all to night.

If thou hast won a life that's true,
  And want it as thine own,
Then try all anger to subdue
  And blend your hearts in one.

Let all thy steps, at home, abroad,
  The path of duty find,
And thou shalt reap a rich reward
  Of love and truth combined.

ERIN.

Erin, dear Erin, the land of our birth,
The loveliest isle on the face of the earth;
How long shall you groan 'neath the weight of your load?
How long shall your prayers be unanswered? O God!

How long shall it be before she will stand
'Mid the nations of earth, our dear native land?
Ye shades of the martyrs, who died for the right,
Pray with us, pray with us, for Erin to-night.

England, proud England, now dare to do right;
Be just to poor Erin, be just in thy might;
Thy powerful hand of oppression now stay—
You have crushed her too long; and now we would say

Let her make her own laws; the demand is but just;
And sooner or later, proud England, you must.
A storm is brewing that will break forth in wrath,
And woe to the tyrant it finds in its path.

You may strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath
Till it utters no sound in its torrent-cut path;
You may bind its green sinews of rock-wearing
waves,
But, by Heaven, we swear we shall not be your
slaves!

Though religious dissensions have long cursed the
land,
Let all her brave sons now join hand in hand
And bury the past with the wrongs that have been,
And no happier nation on earth will be seen.

Thy epitaph, Emmet, the world will yet read,*
For, regardless of country, of race or of creed,
All men shall be brothers and all will unite
In defending the weak and upholding the right.

Then cheer up, old Erin, for you shall yet stand
'Mid the nations of earth, our dear native land;
O shades of the martyrs who died for the right,
Pray with us, pray with us, for Erin to-night.

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*When my country takes her seat
Amid the nations of the earth,
Then, and not till then,
Let my epitaph be written.
—Emmet.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

Father, make us wiser, better,
We resolve upon this day,
Breaking every chain and fetter
That impedes our upward way.

We'll conquer only through Thy might;
Help us put our trust in Thee;
Oh! guide the will to do aright,
Set the life from bondage free.

Keep us faithful to our purpose—
Pledges made this New Year's Day;
And may all the heart's impulses
Warn us from the evil way.

New Year's vows, sincerely spoken,
And with resolution strong,
Oft lie shattered, crushed and broken
Ere the year is well begun.

God be praised! some keep their pledges,
And the inward voice obey,
As they climb life's mountain ranges,
Gaining strength from day to day.

May we every one endeavor,
  At this point upon life's way,
From all evil ways to sever,
  Making this a glorious day.

Happy New Year! now we wish you—
  Happy in the highest sense—
Naught can drag you down or crush you
  Trusting in Omnipotence.

KIND HEARTS.

(Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Palmer.)

When hearts are all like yours, as kind,
Compassion poor dumb brutes will find.
That time will come. You ask us when?
When all are truly Christian. Then—
When every soul's to good inclined,
Kind treatment poor dumb brutes will find;
God speed the day, for not till then
Will all deserve the name of men.

The man who for a poor dumb beast
  Can no compassion find
Is only worthy of contempt,
  The meanest of mankind.
He who strikes a cruel stroke,
  A harsh, unfeeling blow,

Compare him with the brute he strikes—
You'll find he sinks below.

That man is low, degraded, vile,
Let it be understood,
Who to the brute, as well as man,
Will not be kind and good.
"A good man to his beast is kind"—
A saying old and true—
But he who causes needless pain
Would greater evil do.

The noble, generous, manly soul
His anger will restrain;
But the debased, the low, the vile,
Delight in causing pain.
The bravest has the kindest heart;
Cowards are always mean—
In abusing poor dumb animals,
Their characters are seen.

Be always kind unto your beast,
Whatever it may be,
And prove to men you have a soul—
A soul of sympathy,
In love with nature and with art,
All tuned in sweet accord,
A brave, a generous, tender soul,
Approved of Heaven and God.

CHRISTMAS.

We celebrate upon this day
  The birth of the Nazarene,
Who lived a life of sacrifice,
  The noblest earth has seen;
Oh, blessed name—Oh, Son of God,
  How bravely Thou didst die,
That we might reap a rich reward
  By Thy fidelity.

If we profess to follow Christ,
  We ought to do His will,
And banish vengeance from our hearts,
  Nor practice Moses still—
Eye for an eye and tooth for tooth
  Should nevermore be taught—
By word and deed, the Nazarene
  Proclaimed a grander thought.

Oh, if our lives were more like His,
  More full of love divine,
To seek the weary ones of earth
  Our footsteps would incline.

For there is many a weary breast,
A tender word would bless,
And bring some sunshine to the heart
Now sad and comfortless.

Oh, precious life to every soul
Who loves the good and true,
May we, like Him, devote our lives
To noble service, too.
With Christ our teacher and our guid
Along life's thorny way,
We'll trust in God, whate'er betide,
Until life's latest day.

As we partake of Christmas feast
In honor of His name,
If we forget the needy poor,
Oh, we should blush with shame:
For if we say we love the Lord,
While disregarding man,
Then our profession is a lie,
And our religion—sham.

A TRUE WOMAN.

Of her it may be truly said
That few with her can well compare;
She needs no artificial aid
To make her beautiful and fair.

With dignity and grace combined,
She gives to others honest praise;
The beauty of a cultured mind
Shines forth in all her words and ways.

Her heart responds to pity's call,
To others' woes she is not blind;
She has the noblest wealth of all—
A pure and sympathizing mind.

She may have neither lands nor gold,
Yet in true estimate of worth
She's richer by ten thousandfold
Than some who may possess them both.

Let fortune fail, come shattered health,
Will she turn cold? She never will.
In adverse fortune, as in wealth,
If once your friend, your friend she's still.

To all such women homage bring,
And place a crown upon each brow—
For to the angles they're akin,
And all mankind to them should bow.

A MOMENT'S BLISS.

Though but for a moment we met,
It's memory there's naught can destroy;
That moment I ne'er will forget
Which gave me such exquisite joy.

Your modest request was so sweet,
I'd grant it a thousand times o'er;
'Twould render my joy more complete
To grant you ten thousand times more.

If offered the choicest of bliss—
The best which this world could impart—
All, all I would ask for is this:
To press and be pressed to your heart.

And oh! for that moment we met,
Thanks for your loving endeavor;
That moment I ne'er will forget,
And you shall be dear to me ever.

A HAPPIER HOME.

A lonely mariner, far from home,
And sailing in the dark,
I hear a voice saying, "This way come
And moor your wretched barque."

"The storm of life is rushing fast—
It soon shall have an end;
Your friends in Heaven you'll meet at last
In harmony to blend.

"Where sin and sorrow, pain and death
Forever are unknown,
And where the weary ones of earth
May find a happier home."

A LONG FAREWELL.

What mysteries are life and death!
A meteor's flash between
The coming and the parting breath,
Then gloom spreads o'er the scene;
The shroud, the grave, the falling earth
Upon the coffin lid,
And all we prized and loved so well
Lies sleeping with the dead.

The hand we oft in friendship clasped
Lies on a lifeless breast,
The eyes that once with luster shone
Are closed in silent rest;
The lips are dumb that often spake
In tender accents sweet,
The throbbing of the heart is o'er—
It never more will beat.

The welcome step we knew so well
On street, or stair, or floor,
We listen, but we hear it not—
We'll never hear it more!
We bid a last, a long farewell,
To this poor lifeless clay—
The soul we hope to meet again
In realms of endless day.

BE JUST.

If a good man works in your employ,
  Pay him well and do not grudge it;
An honest praise might give him joy—
  He'll be all the better for it.

Oh, now, be just unto your brother!
  Take no advantage of his need;
For, if you do, you're but a robber,
  Though law may legalize the deed.

Be just to act within your power,
  As conscience tells you what is right—
Obey its dictates every hour,
  Oh, live and act as in God's sight.

If with sweet Charity each were blessed,
  To whom authority is given,
If Justice ruled in every breast,
  This world indeed would be a Heaven.

Be just to every living thing—
  E'en brutes have rights 'twere well to scan;
Inflict no needless, cruel sting,
  But be a noble type of man.

COLUMBIA.

A hundred years and more have gone,
  Columbia, since thy glorious birth!
We now behold thee, great and strong,
  The foremost nation of the earth,

Where man can speak his honest thought
  E'en though it strips an error bare;
Can disregard the tyrant's wrath,
  And Freedom's mantle proudly wear.

With mental compass, rule and square,
  Thy constitution was designed—
Who'd tamper with it, we declare
  Is worse than mad, is more than blind.

In wisdom was each sentence framed,
  They seem inspired, each word and line;
What though no deity is named,
  The instrument itself's divine!

Thy constitution's bound to stand!
  Profoundest wisdom gave it birth!
Thy flag now floats in every land,
  The harbinger of peace on earth.

Thy North and South and East and West
Are all united, one in Thee—
Columbia, dear to every breast,
Land of the true, the brave, the free!

IN MEMORY OF ———

O can it be that thou are gone,
Taken away in youth's bright morn,
To dwell in thy Celestial Home
While we are left behind to mourn?

We miss thee, oh, we miss thee, May!
In vain we strove to have thee stay.
Bright angels claimed thee from our hand
And bore thee to the Summer Land.

Thine earthly form we've laid to rest,
With thy sweet babe upon thy breast,
'Mid sighs, and sobs, and falling tears;
Naught can assuage but rolling years.

But our great loss is thy great gain;
'Twere wrong to wish thee back again
To share the sorrow, pain and care
We all are subject to whilst here.

The grave—we know thou art not there;
Thy soul is in a brighter sphere,
Exempt forever from all strife,
A spirit free in spirit life.

We cannot think thee far away,
Our loving and beloved May;
If angels come from Heaven's shore
With balm in wounded hearts to pour.

Thou oft will come at quiet eve
And with thee bring thy darling babe,
And try to cheer the hearts so riven
By whispering of hope and Heaven.

A few more fleeting days or years,
We'll all be freed from earthly cares,
And join thee in the spirit land,
A happy and unbroken band.

ANGEL ANNIE.

We are thinking of thee, Annie,
And thy pleasant, winning ways;
Oft thy words have cheered us, Annie,
In our dark and gloomy days.
Angels called thee from us, Annie,
They have beckoned thee away,
But we hope again to meet thee
At the close of life's short day.

Patient, loving, thoughtful Annie,
No complaining word was thine —
Beauteous flower, to Heaven transplanted,
Blooming in a fairer clime.
Oh! we miss thee, darling Annie,
Thy sweet voice we hear no more;
But we hope to meet thee, Annie,
On yon blissful, peaceful shore.

Visit us from Heaven, Annie!
Come! Our drooping spirits cheer!
In the lone and quiet hour
We will feel thy presence near!
Oh, sweet spirit, gentle Annie,
On the golden, sunlit shore,
We will meet thee, Angel Annie—
Meet where loved ones part no more.

STRANGERS WE MET.

Strangers we meet, as friends we part,
And from our eyes the tear drops start,
For, oh! it grieves me to the heart
To say a last "Farewell."

The golden hours together spent
The swiftest wings to time has lent—
And must our lives at last be rent,
And never meet again?

"Farewell forever" did I say?
But no! we'll meet another day,
When earthly cares have passed away,
Where loved ones never part.

Oh! Do not say a last farewell!
It sounds like friendship's dying knell;
We yet may meet, oh! who can tell,
Upon life's stream once more.

As driftwood on the river's tide,
Though scattered, sometimes meet and glide,
Down with the current side by side—
Thus we may meet again.

Before we reach that peaceful shore,
Before we enter that bright door,
Where pain and parting come no more,
Yes, we may meet again.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

Still in the land of the living!
Still on the shores of time!
As rolling years flow swiftly by
In their onward march sublime.

Still in the land of the living!
(There is no land of the dead!)
The body dies, the soul lives on,
When our earthly form we've shed.

Still in the land of the living,
We are nearing the peaceful tide
That will bear our spirits over
To friends on the other side.

Still in the land of the living,
With the weight of years oppressed,
Waiting the call that comes to all
Before they enter their rest.

Still in the land of the living,
Where earth's sorrows bear us down,
But, if in the Master's spirit born,
Brighter will be the crown.

Still in the land of the living
(The departed are not dead),
We shall meet them across the river,
Where no parting tears are shed.

LOVED ONES NEVER DIE.

Oh, weeping mourners, dry those tears,
Your dead's but gone before!
After a few swift fleeting years
You'll meet on yonder shore.

Oh, look beyond this vale of tears
To that bright home on high—
For there you'll meet in coming years,
Where loved ones never die.

E'en here in twilight's lonely hour,
When musing, sad and lone,
Fond memories twining round your heart,
You'll feel you're not alone.

LIFE AS A RIVER.

Human life is like a river,
Always in motion, ne'er at rest,
Rolling on, still on forever,
And we are floating on its crest.

Oh! what a weight of human woe
It bears upon its troubled breast—
Of broken hearts, of empty show,
Of blasted hopes and life that's wrecked,

Swiftly it flows and bears along,
All on its ever restless tide,
The young, the old, the bustling throng,
Go down life's current, side by side.

The river widens. With each breath
We near the outlet to the sea.
At last we reach the gulf called Death—
We enter on Eternity.

That vast, that boundless, tranquil sea,
Without a limit or a shore,
Where every soul is ever free
All of Life's mystery to explore.

UNSELFISH AND TRUE.

A dear one is gone, she has passed from our sight,
Her dearly loved form, we have laid it away;
Her spirit now soars with the angels of light,
We only are left a while longer to stay.

So loving and pure, so unselfish and true,
Her highest ambition was others to please;
She ever was ready some kind deed to do;
No words we can utter can half speak her praise.

Her parents, sustain them, O Father Most High,
For she was their idol, their joy and their pride.
Draw near them and bless them; be Thou very nigh,
And comfort their hearts for the loss of their child.

Thy brother, oh! dear one, how he will miss thee!
No more shall he feel thy fond sisterly kiss.
Thy numerous friends, oh, how they will miss thee!
And none miss the more than the author of this.

ON A BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION.

Allow me to present this book,
  Permitting me to say,
As a token of regard,
  To thee on thy birthday.

As days and months and years go by,
  And birthdays come and go;
May Heaven its sweetest, choicest gifts
  Dear friend on thee bestow.

And as you turn these pages o'er,
  And read them line by line,
I know you'll sometimes think of me,
  Believe me ever thine.

A DREAM.

I was in a slumber, dreaming;
All around was perfect bliss,
When suddenly I heard a voice
In song. The song was this—
The melancholy song was this:

"No wonder I am feeling sad!
All I loved from me have flown!
This sacred hour there is no heart
That I can call my own.
That I can truly call my own."

Thus I heard the voice complaining,—
In the solemn midnight hour,
And the notes of anguish wailing,
Had a wondrous power—
A saddening, soul-depressing power.

Another voice said: "Cheer up, brother!
Behold yon glorious golden light!
There we shall meet our loved, once more,
And where there is no night—
No blasted hopes, no dreary night."

I never can forget the dream!
I never can forget the night,
When all to me so real did seem
The bliss, the pain, the light!—
The promised joy, the glorious light.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SAY SHE WOULD LIKE TO BE THE RECIPIENT OF A POET'S LOVE.

Oh! trusting heart in thee we find
What gives to worth its magic sway,
True dignity and grace combined;
To praise thee, what can poet say.

The loveliest month of all the year,
Sweet May: to thee I would compare;
It comes the drooping soul to cheer,
With wealth of foliage rich and rare.

The grandest poet of the age,
Might honored be, with love like thine;
His sorrows you could all assuage,
And fill his soul with thoughts sublime.

For poets are like other men,
Of Adam's crime they have a taint;
Ah! who is wholly free from sin,
A poet may not be a saint.

TO A FRIEND.

I'm thinking of my friend to-day,
And of the time when we first met;
Tho' rolling years may pass away,
I'll ne'er forget

How, as sailing down life's river,
An eddy in the flowing tide
Caused our barques to come together,
Side by side.

For a while, and then to sever,
Alas, too soon we had to part.
But fond memories linger ever
In the heart.

I'm lonely since apart we've been,
And oft I long for thee again.
I seek thee in each changing scene
But in vain.
Yet most sincerely do I pray
Some friendly turn of wind or tide
May bring our barques once more some day
Side by side.

But we will surely meet again,
When troubled waters all subside
Where partings ne'er will bring us pain,
Where joys abide.

A CHRISTMAS REMINDER.

If you'd be kind to some poor brother,
Show it while he's living, friend—
We should be tender to each other,
And not wait until life's end.

From your abundance spare a little,
Help a brother on his way.
The slender thread of life is brittle;
It may break at any day.

You cannot take your riches with you,
You must leave them all and go,
But, Heaven may be brighter for you,
Having eased a brother's woe.

If you'd be rich in yon bright Kingdom,
Do what good you can whilst here;
When there, you'll find 'twas truest wisdom,
Weary ones on earth to cheer.

Poor, who are the poor in Spirit Land?
Those who selfish lives live here,
For no Heavenly wealth can they command,
Who've laid up no treasures there.

Remember, poor Lazarus of old,
And at last his happy state,
Think how worthless was the rich man's gold,
When he entered Death's dark gate.

Oh, live for Heaven, do your duty,
Help the needy in distress,
And you will reach that land of beauty,
And of everlasting peace.

Let us resolve to love each other,
From this glorious Christmas Day,
And live like Christ, our Elder Brother,
Doing good while yet we may.

THE OLD YEAR IS GONE.

The Old Year is gone, with the hopes and the fears,
The joys and the sorrows, the smiles and the tears,
Of many who welcomed it in as a guest,
That are sleeping to-day where the weary find rest.

The Old Year is gone, and has carried away
The old and the young, the grave and the gay.
The poor and the rich, the meek and the proud,
To sleep their last sleep, in sheet or in shroud.

The Old Year is gone, and in tears we must say,
Of some whom we hoped would be with us to-day,
We miss their dear voice, and the clasp of their hand,
But some day we'll meet in the bright Summer Land.

The Old Year is gone, and has taken a part,
If not all, of the joy from more than one heart;
For vows have been plighted, pledges been spoken,
That ere the year closed were shattered and broken.

The Old Year is gone, and the New will not stay;
As moment by moment it flieth away,
May it bear on its wings to the infinite throne
Some work well performed, some deed nobly done.

The Old Year is gone, and yet we are here.
Oh! Let us endeavor the mourning to cheer.
Let us walk in the way the Nazarene trod,
The path leading homeward to Heaven and God.

The Old Year is gone, and now in the New
Let us prove to ourselves the good we can do,
And when the New Year has gone with the Old,
The seed that we sow may in blossom unfold.

The Old Year is gone, and although we have creeds,
We need a religion of kind words and deeds.
Give clothes to the naked, to the hungry give bread,
And by widows and orphans, less tears will be shed.

The years fly away! Oh, that some tongue or pen
Could inspire the souls of the children of men
To be true to their manhood, and lovingly fight
For truth and humanity, justice and right.

MY VERSES.

You say my verses breathe of sadness;
Well, my dear friend, perhaps they do.
I know my efforts are not faultless,
But my complainings they are few.

Some gifted souls o'erflow with mirth;
God bless them is my earnest prayer,
For oft around the board or hearth
They help to drive away dull care.

All have their own peculiar style
Of writing either prose or song;
With some we laugh, with some we smile,
With some the tend'rest memories throng.

Best writers give what they possess
Of thought, of heart, of soul and brain;
They all unite the world to bless—
Their labor spent is not in vain.

When untold years have come and passed,
True, meritorious work will stay;
The frivolous, it will not last,
The brush of time sweeps it away.

CLING TO RIGHT.

When everything is joyous
And all our hopes are bright,
With nothing to annoy us,
Cling, cling, oh cling to right.

When all the world seems dreary,
A dismal winter's night,
When we of life are weary,
Cling, cling, still cling to right.

Though friendships we have cherished,
Our heart and soul's delight,
With fondest hopes have perished,
Cling, cling, still cling to right.

As down life's stream we're rushing,
As time recedes from sight,
Though weight of woe be crushing,
Cling, cling, still cling to right.

As we near the other shore,
Heaven bursts upon our sight,
Soon all sorrow will be o'er—
Cling, cling, still cling to right.

THE END.

The end of time at last will come,
To every soul beneath the sun—
  Sweet hopes our steps attend;
Ere long we'll enter on that day,
Whose light will never fade away,
  And never, never end.

Then why stand trembling on the brink?
We should rejoice whene'er we think
  This life will have an end;
That on some blissful, peaceful shore
We'll meet the lost, the loved of yore,
  In harmony to blend.

The dearly loved of by-gone years
Who shared our joys, our griefs, our cares,
  Their sympathy still lend;
Their memory cheers us on the road
Which leads to happiness and God,
  And joys that ne'er will end.

The days may come, the days may go,
And some bring joy, and some bring woe—
  Have courage still my friend!
Those who would reach to hights sublime,
Or would the loftiest summits climb,
  Must struggle to the end.

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